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DO YOU THINK I FORGET?

BY WM. W. LONG.

Do you think I forget? Ah! my darling,
When my day's work is over and done,
In the quiet and stillness of evening,
I think of you, darling, alone.

In my dreams of the night you caress me,
Kiss me and clasp with Love's sigh;
Around me your white arms are folded
And thus, all entranced, I could die.

Ah! sweet, the great Love of our being
God never hath given in vain;
The great Love, so pure and so holy,
That came up thro' rapture and pain.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOURS PASSED. The interview with Lord Clarence had produced a mental and physical exhaustion in Iris, and Felice, stealing into the room after he had gone, found her lying on the couch, her face hidden by her long black hair.

But though Felice had thought her asleep, Iris was not sleeping. It was rather a condition of stupefaction than sleep.

Toward dusk she awoke with a start, and all her misery came back upon her with a rush, and with it a new and sudden realization.

What was she doing there? She had no right there. She was not Miss Knighton the heiress of the Revels.

The house and all pertaining to it belonged to Lord Heron Coverdale, and she was there actually on sufferance.

The thought sent the blood coursing through her veins like fire, and she sprang up wildly as if she were going to fly from the room.

Felice who was in the dressing room heard her and stole in.

"Will the signorina let me dress her for dinner?" she said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone.

Iris looked at her as if she scarcely heard or comprehended, then she beckoned to her to come nearer.

"Felice," she said, with dreadful calm, "do you know that I have no right to remain here?"

The woman looked at her solemnly, then lowered her eyes.

"You need not speak," cried Iris, "your eyes answer me. I have no right to be here. The Revels belongs to Lord Coverdale. Is not that what Mr. Barrington said?"

She spoke without a tremor in her voice, and with the same unnatural calmness.

"He said so, signorina," said Felice, dully, sullenly.

"Do not call me signorina," exclaimed Iris sharply. "I am no better—" she stopped—"Better! Oh Heavens! Felice, why did you keep this from me? No, don't answer. There is no time for such questions. Something must be done. I must go away from here—"

Felice put out her hand imploringly.

"Oh, Miss Iris, you will not do anything hasty—rash?" she pleaded. "Will you listen to me——"

"Listen to you; yes, it is my duty."

"There can be no such word between us, signorina," said Felice quietly. "You are to me still Miss Iris the daughter of Mr. Knighton. You can never be any one else to me. Will the signorina remember that?"

Iris did not answer, but took to pacing up and down again.

"It will always be the same to me," continued Felice; "always! And that is why I speak now. The signorina says she must go from here. Well I say, yes! It is no place for her now. Where will she go? I say that she will go back to Italy—"

Iris shuddered.

"To Italy," said Felice. "There is no better place than that for the signorina and me—for I will go with her wherever she goes! The signorina will ask me about money. Well, I have thought of that. I have money. I have my savings."

Iris stopped and looked at her with burning eyes.

—"And," said Felice, understanding the look, "if the signorina is not too proud ——"

"Proud! I, proud!" broke from Iris' lips in bitter self-scorn.

"If the signorina would rather not be beholden to one who is now, and always will be her servant, the signorina has jewels, her own jewels," she said quickly. "They will produce money; a good deal. With that we can get to Italy. Then the signorina can rest and think what she will do. But wherever she goes, and whatever she does, Felice will go with her!"

Iris sank on to the couch and hid her face.

It was humiliation upon humiliation. She must leave the Revels to avoid Lord Coverdales charity, but to accept Felice's! What should she do?"

"Will you leave me to think of it?" she said in a low voice. "I must think over it all. All is dark and black before me; I must think, think?"

Felice seemed to welcome the idea.

"Yes, Miss Iris! Rest and think of it. In the morning you shall tell me what we are to do. Will you let me undress you now?"

"No, No!" said Iris; but Felice gently persisted, and Iris submitted.

But, directly she was alone, she began to think over what Felice had suggested. Was there no way of escaping charity? She was young and strong, the world was wide; was there nothing she could do?

The idea of taking refuge in Italy, the country with which her shame was so closely connected, made her shudder. Any place in the world seemed better than that.

As she pondered, with a heart that ached in unison with her head, there flashed upon her what Felice had said about her jewels.

The famous Knighton diamonds which she had worn so often were hers no longer they were Lord Coverdale's, and would be next worn by his wife;—at the thought a scarlet flush rose for a moment to her face—they were hers no longer; but she possessed a large quantity of jewelry, gifts of her father and of friends.

This was hers, and the money in her purse. She would not be quite penniless; she would, at least, have enough to enable her to leave the Revels, and hide herself away for a time.

Hide herself! That was the one great and dominant desire.

To get away from the ken of those who knew her, but most of all from the knowledge of the man whose life she had saved, and who was now the master of the Revels of which she had thought herself mistress.

Possessed by this idea, she got up, and choosing the plainest of her black morning dresses, dressed herself quickly. Then she examined her purse.

She had never had any allowance from her father; he had always paid her bills, and whenever she wanted money she had but to ask for it. Sometimes he had given her a cheque to get cashed at the local bank and at others had given her gold or a bank note.

A week before his death he had given her a note for twenty-five pounds, and nearly twenty of it remained. She counted it carefully, and as carefully placed it in her pocket.

Then she went to the safe in the squire's bedroom. The sight of the room and the bed brought back the remembrance of her loss and the other misery which had followed upon it, and for a moment she stood with her hands clasped against her heart; then with a duplicate key which the squire had given her, she unlocked the safe and took out the jewels which Signor Ricardo had so judiciously left intact.

Going back to her own room, she took the gems from their cases, and, making them into as small a parcel as possible, put them in a bag with a few articles of clothing.

She went through the whole of these preparations with a calmness which was the result of a reaction from the terrible excitement under which she had been laboring.

Having done this, she threw herself down upon the bed, and closing her eyes forced herself to rest until it was quite dark and she could hope to leave the place without being recognised.

While she was there lying waiting, she tried to form some plan of acting; but she could not.

Her one dominant idea was to leave the Revels and fly to some place where the story of her shame was not known.

Slowly the twilight faded into darkness, and she rose and put on a thick cloak,

As she arranged a crape veil that would completely conceal her face, she caught sight of it, and its pallor startled her, and there flashed through her mind the thought that Lord Coverdale, if he were to meet her, would scarcely recognise in her the girl from whom he had parted by the stream.

Listening at the door, and at each step, she made her way into the hall.

The sound of voices reached her from the library; it was Lord Clarence and Mr. Barrington talking. Still talking about her and the story of her mother's shame!

Just as she reached the front door, she heard a servant coming up the stairs from the servant's hall, and she slipped behind one of the knights in armour and listened breathlessly.

It was the butler, and as he came along the hall a footman came out of the dining-room and joined him.

"Most extraordinary business this, isn't it!" Iris heard the butler say, "Just been down to the police court to see the end of it."

"Most astounding," returned the other, "Just fancy us having such a character in the house and not knowing it? And he a friend of the squire's too. That's strange, isn't it?"

"It is," assented the butler. "There's a mystery about it I can't quite understand, Charles. Anyhow, the Signor Ricardo is a cool hand. They thought they'd have some trouble with him; he fought rather hard in the library, you know; but when they got outside he says, as cool as you please, 'Don't exert yourselves, gentlemen; I shall not attempt to escape from your legal custody. I was taken by surprise just now, or I should not have attempted to resist you. You will find that you have made a mistake in identity, and that you have got the wrong man. But no matter,—I don't blame you; you only do your duty.' The detective had got a fly outside, and they drove off as fast as possible."

"Lor!" exclaimed the footman; "and what did they do when they got to the station?"

"They waited until Mr. Barrington came down, and then read out the charge to the signor. He took it quite as cool as ever, and says with a smile, 'A mistake, gentlemen; simply a mistake!' Then the detective pointed to the scar on his forehead—you remember that, Charles?—and says, 'is that a mistake, too, signor?' and the signor turned upon him with a snarl and an oath in his foreign way. Then, after a minute, as if he was thinking, he says, 'How long,—what is the sentence for this?' and the inspector says, 'Don't say anything to incriminate yourself, I shall use anything you say against you, you know.' and the signor swore again and turned to Mr. Barrington. 'How long!' he says. 'Seven or fourteen years,' said Mr. Barrington. 'Good!' says the signor, 'I can wait till then!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired the footman.

The butler shook his head.

"Don't know. I don't think Mr. Barrington knew either; anyway, he said nothing. They took the signor to the cells then and I came away. It's been a dreadfully trying week, Charles. Have you heard how Miss Iris is to-night?"

"No," said the footman. "I heard Miss Felice say that she was lying down resting, and the house was to be kept quiet."

"Poor young lady!" said the butler. "This unpleasantness about the signor coming so soon after the poor squire's death is very trying for her. I do hope she won't be called as a witness."

The two went down stairs, and Iris, emerging from her hiding-place, opened the hall door.

The night was dark, and its blackness seemed to confront her threateningly and old her draw back from encountering it. She glanced back at the magnificent hall with its time-stained oak and gilding, its rows of family pictures and tattered flags, then, with a shudder of pain and anguish, she closed the door behind her and stood alone in the cold night. She, who had reigned as the queen of the great house, was leaving it penniless and nameless, in every deed and truth an outcast! Iris knew every inch of the road—how often had she ridden along it singing happily! and she reached the lodge gates without meeting anyone.

At the lodge one of the boys came out to open the gate for her, and looked after her in surprise as she hurried on without returning his "Good-night, ma'am."

Having gained the highroad she went rapidly toward the station. As she did so she heard the clock strike eight.

There was a train at twenty minutes past, and she thought that she would keep away from the station until the time arrived, and then get into the train quickly so as to escape notice. She went back to the road, and in a restless state of excitement walked along by the hedge.

Suddenly she stopped short. At any moment Felice might go into her room—she would be certain to do so during the evening—and would miss her. She would go to Lord Clarence or Mr. Barrington, and the first thing they would do would be to go to the station and telegraph along the line. Wherever she got out she would be detected, and watched, and followed, and so would end all hope of her hiding herself. No, she would not go by the train; and yet, she must reach London or some great city, for she knew enough of the world to be aware that a large city was the only safe refuge for the fugitive, whether he was flying from justice or sorrow.

As she stood thinking over this, and vainly striving for some plan of getting away from Knighton, she heard the sound of wheels. It was some heavy vehicle, and it was coming slowly.

She listened mechanically, counting the fall of the horses' feet, and as she did so the whistle of the coming train sounded very shrill.

In any case she was too late to go by rail!

Presently a light twinkled along the road, and the slowly-traveling vehicle resolved itself into a carrier's van.

As it came nearer she saw that it was a covered cart, drawn by two horses. An old man tramped along with the horses, and the light from the lantern falling on his face showed it to Iris a good-natured one.

Obeying the impulse of the moment, she came from the shadow of the hedge, and touched his arm.

The man was half asleep, and started with an ejaculation.

"Bless my soul, young woman, you startled me!" he said, with an apologetic laugh. "What is it?"

Iris hesitated. He was a stranger to her: he might, probably would, ask questions, and she had no answer ready. But she in a desperate case, and there was no help for it.

"Will you let me ride in your cart?" she said as calmly as she could, her heart beating wildly.

"Ride in my cart, miss!" said the old man, stopping his horses and staring at her. "Ride in my cart! Bless my soul—what do you want to ride in my cart for madam?"

"I—I have lost the train," she said quickly.

"Lost the train!" said the old man, too surprised now to do more than repeat her words. "Lost the train! And you want to ride in my cart Where are you going to now?"

"To London," said Iris.

The old man nodded.

"I'm going to London," he said. "Yes, that's right enough, but——" he paused, and looked at her with rough but not unkindly scrutiny—"where have you come from?—the great house there?" and he jerked his whip towards the Revels.

"Yes," said Iris helplessly.

"Hum!" and he eyed the bag, and her clothes; "one of the servants, I expect. Got the sack, eh?"

Iris started at him perplexed.

"Lost your situation I mean," he translated.

"Yes," said Iris, with ill-concealed bitterness.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I see. Well, they might have turned you out at a more seasonable hour. And you've lost your train? Well, I suppose I must give you a lift, my lady."

He stepped on the shaft and took the lantern from its hook and carried it behind the cart.

"Come this way," he said.

Iris followed him, and he dragged an empty box out of the cart to the ground for her.

"You can get in by stepping on that," he said. "Wait a minute, I'll make it a bit comfortable for you."

He disappeared in the cart, and Iris heard the rustle of straw, then he stepped out and helped her in.

He had cleared a space amongst the bales and boxes, and made a bed out of a heap of straw.

"It's rougher than a first class railway carriage," he said with a laugh, "but the worst of riding, is better than the worst of walking, miss. There's a rug there on that box if you should feel cold. Are you all right?"

And as Iris, thanking him, sank down on the clean, sweet-smelling straw with a deep sigh of relief and weariness, he roused his horses and the van started on its way towards London, and in a few minutes the lights of the Knighton Revels faded from her sight.

Lord Clarence and Mr. Barrington sat talking until nine o'clock.

Clarence had told Mr. Barrington of his offer, and Iris's refusal of it; and the two men were vainly endeavoring to decide what was best to be done for her.

"If it was a man," said Mr. Barrington, "one might hope that something like a satisfactory course could be found. Lord Coverdale would be only too glad to compromise, and a man could accept a portion of the estate, but Miss Iris,"—he paused and sighed—"if I know anything of her character, she will not accept a single penny!"

"There would be no need if—if she would but make me the happiest man in the world!" said poor Clarence with a low sigh.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"She will not do that, my lord," he said gravely. "I can quite understand why she refused!"

Clarence groaned.

"What will you do now?" he said.

Mr. Barrington pursed his lips.

"What can I do but follow one course? There is no will, and Lord Coverdale is the heir. I am his lawyer; I am bound to communicate with him, and at once."

"The will is somewhere," said Clarence doggedly.

Mr, Barrington shook his head.

"The law demands that that somewhere shall be specified," the said gravely. "My lord, I am convinced that it was destroyed by Mr. Knighton the night before his death. For what reason I cannot tell. Perhaps—who knows—he may have intended making some provisions for Lord Coverdale; perhaps he intended telling her the story of her birth; perhaps; but it is useless to conjecture. There is no will, and Lord Coverdale is the master here——"

As he spoke the door was thrown open, and Felice entered.

"My mistress—Miss Iris!" she panted breathlessly.

Clarence started to his feet with an exclamation of horror.

"She's gone—gone!" cried Felice, all her stoical calmness gone, a frenzy of alarm in her face and accent. "I have just been to her room, my lord, and she has gone."

"Gone!" echoed Clarence. "Great Heavens!" and he rushed to the door.

The three made their way to Iris' room, and the disordered wardrobe, and the empty jewel cases, told the story of her flight more rapidly and graphically than Felice could have done.

Clarence groaned, and seemed overwhelmed; but the old lawyer retained full possession of his senses.

"My lord," he said, "she has gone either by rail to London, or to Glossop, the nearest large town. I—yes, I half dreaded and expected this from her manner. There is no time to lose. Will you ride down to the station, and wire description of her to the terminus? You can describe her better than I can. You might go on by the next train, too. I will drive into Glossop and keep a lookout on the way. She cannot have gone far. Poor young lady. Yes, I half expected it!"

Clarence rushed down to the stables, and a horse—it was Snow—was saddled, and the dog-cart got ready in a few minutes, and Felice, standing wringing her hands in the courtyard, saw them start each in his appointed direction.

Clarence reached the station, and flinging himself from the saddle rushed into the booking-office.

The station master was all on the alert in a moment, but he was prepared to swear that no one answering Miss Knighton's description had booked for London that evening.

"She must have got in without a ticket, of course, my lord," he added; and Clarence, collecting his scattered senses, telegraphed a careful description to London.

He then got into the next train and followed his telegram.

Mr. Barrington was driven toward Glossop. All along the road he kept a keen watch, but there was no sign of Iris.

Panting and foam-flecked the horse was pulled up at the inn, and Mr. Barrington got down and was hastening to the police station, that stood within a few yards, when he heard someone calling his name.

He stopped as if he had been shot, and the next moment a hand fell upon his shoulders, and Heron Coverdale's voice said:

"Why, Barrington, what on earth brings you here at this time of the night? Executing a little elopement, eh?" and he glanced smilingly at the sweating horse.

Mr. Barrington frowned and bit his lip.

"This is a surprise, Lord Coverdale," he said, "I thought you were at St. Malo.

"So I was," said Heron Coverdale, half guilty; "but I have come back again, you see! The fact is I have taken rather a fancy to this place, and——" he paused and smiled in rather an embarrassed fashion, than his face grew grave. "But what is the matter?—for something is the matter, I see!"

"Have you not heard?" said Mr. Barrington, gravely.

"Heard what? I only landed an hour ago, scarcely that!"

"Mr. Knighton, of the Revels, is dead!" said Mr. Barrington, solemnly

Heron Coverdale fell back a step or two in shocked surprise.

"Dead! Good Heavens! When?"

"Nearly a week ago!" said Mr. Barrington. "He died quite suddenly, and——" he stopped—"I am looking for his daughter!" he added, for concealment was useless.

"Looking for his daughter!" echoed Heron Coverdale, his handsome face still wearing the startled expression. "Looking for—but why? Is she lost?"

"She is," said Mr, Barrington gravely.

"Lost—lost! What do you mean by lost?" demanded Heron Coverdale. "How can she be lost?—she, so well known, the heiress to the Revels?"

"She is not the heiress," said Mr. Barrington.

"Not the heiress! How is that?" exclaimed Heron Coverdale, walking beside him, for Mr. Barrington had gone on quickly.

"There was no will," replied Mr. Barrington.

"No will; then—then who is the heir?"

"Lord Heron Coverdale!" said the old lawyer grimly.

CHAPTER XVI.

"HEIR to Knighton and Beverley!" exclaimed Lord Heron, staring at Mr. Barrington in blank amazement.

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington, "you are heir to Knighton and Beverley. Walk with me to the police station, my lord, and I will tell you all about it."

Lord Heron listened like one in a sweet dream.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, shocked and pained, "Godfrey Knighton not married, and the poor girl has fled! Surely there must be a will somewhere in her favor?"

"There is none," said Mr. Barrington gravely; "as I say, my opinion is that he destroyed it. This man Ricardo hints as much—not that any reliance can be placed upon anything he says."

"It is an extraordinary story," said Lord Heron, "and to think that I met the man here and lunched with him. He is in jail you say—"

"Yes, and will be transported," said Mr. Barrington. "But as to his assertion that there was no marriage, and Miss Knighton being illegitimate, I fear we shall find it true. The woman, Felice, can be relied upon, and she admitted the truth of the story with the greatest reluctance, in fact, but not until Miss Knighton compelled her to."

Lord Heron waited outside the police station while Mr. Barrington went in to state the fact of Iris's disappearance, and set inquiries on foot for the missing girl, and a storm of emotions whirled through the young earl's brains.

If this were true, he was not only Earl of Coverdale, but one of the richest men in England!

There was no need any longer to wander about the world because he had not money enough to purchase a settled abiding place! He was master of Knighton Revels, and Lord of Knighton and Beverley! The thrill that ran throught him at the thought was pardonable, though the next moment he felt ashamed of it.

"What!" he murmured, jerking his straw hat on to the back of his head, "I owe it all to this poor girl's unmerited misfortune! At any rate she shall find a friend in me, and not a mere supplanter. Poor girl!"

Then his thoughts flew back to a subject upon which they had been dwelling for days past with a persistence which would permit of no denial.

That beautiful creature who had saved his life, and who had parted from him so strangely; he had not dared to tell her all that his heart ached to express, had not dared because he was poor, and he felt somehow, that she was powerful and rich.

He would find her now, and go to her and tell her that he loved her. Yes, loved her!

There was no mistaking the desire and longing which had rendered him unhappy and restless by day and sleepless at night.

He loved this girl whose very name even he did not know.

How great a joy it would be to him to discover her and say:

"I am poor no longer, but rich, richer even than most rich men! I lay myself, and all that I possess at your feet! You saved my life, take it and me!"

Would she listen to him—accept him? It was an anxious question.

Why had she broken from him when they had last parted as if he had done her some injury?

He was thinking so much of the girl that he had almost forgotten the great good fortune which had befallen him, when Mr. Barrington came out of the office, and addressing him, recalled him to the strange and extraordinary situation.

"Well?" he said anxiously.

"She is not here," said Mr. Barrington; "I saw the policeman who has just come off duty on the high road, and he is confident that no one answering to Miss Knighton's description has entered Glossop this evening."

"What is to be done?" asked Lord Heron. "What can I do. I must do something! Can I go to London?"

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"I don't see what good you can do, my lord. You see, you do not know Miss Knighton."

"I never saw her," said Lord Heron.

"Besides, Lord Montacute has gone to London, and he will leave no stone unturned I am sure."

The two walked on in silence for a minute, then Lord Heron stopped.

"There is one thing we can do," he said. "I'll get the railway people to telegraph the London papers an advertisement which will appear to-morrow morning. Come inside and I will draw it up."

They went into the inn and got writing materials, and Lord Heron made out the following advertisement:—

"Miss K. is entreated to communicate her present address to Mr. Barrington."

"She will understand that if she sees it," said Lord Heron. "I will go down to the station and persuade them to wire up to-night."

"I will go with you," said Mr. Barrington; "I cannot remain here inactive."

The two went down to the railway station, talking earnestly as they went.

The station master demured to sending the telegram for some time,—it was after hours and irregular,—but at last Lord Coverdale's title and his assurance that he would take the responsibility, overcame the man's scruples, and the telegram was dispatched.

"What next?" said Lord Heron. "Come back to the inn with me; your horse wants a rest, and we will discuss this matter, and see if we can find something to do. It is terrible to think of that poor girl wandering about alone in her misery!"

They went to the inn, and Lord Heron paced up and down, while the lawyer partook of some refreshment.

"This man's story may be false!" he said. "From the very bottom of my heart I trust it may be!"

"I am sure of that, my lord."

"How can you find out? I would give all I possess—and it isn't much—to be the one to go her, poor girl, and tell her that she is still the mistress of Knighton, and her father's lawful daughter!"

Mr. Barrington thought a moment.

"I can telegraph to a firm of English lawyers at Naples," he said. "They can search the registry there. Every marriage is registered at the central office, and if—if Mr. Knighton and this Italian lady were married, there will be a record of it."

"And if there should not be!—but the alternative is horrible! Barrington, if the issue should prove this story to be true, you know what must be done?"

Mr. Barrington waited.

"It is bad enough to come into an inheritance through death; but to inherit in consequence of the degradation and ruin of a harmless, inoffensive, innocent girl—I Barrington, if this story should prove true, you understand that I shall accept the estate on one condition only,—that Miss Knighton takes half the income—for her life, at the least!"

Mr. Barrington flushed.

"It is what I expected of you, my lord," he said quietly; "but I am afraid that your generous intentions could not be carried out. From what I know of Miss Knighton, I am convinced that she would accept nothing—not a penny. The Knightons have always been proud——" he stopped.

Lord Heron quickened his pace.

"Something must be done!" he said. "But let us hope that everything will come right for her. I would rather remain the genteel pauper that I am, and continue my wandering, restless habits for the rest of my life than become heir of the Revels at such a terrible cost to her."

Mr. Barrington rose and got his hat.

"I'll go back now, my lord," he said, "they may have heard something of her. You will remain here?"

"Certainly," said Lord Heron; "and keep the yacht in the harbor. Of course, if she returns, you will not let her know that I have heard the story; poor girl!—there is no need that anyone should know it but you and I and Lord Montacute. This man Ricardo must be paid to keep silence, you know."

Mr. Barrington took the proffered hand and shook it warmly.

"Forgive me, my lord," he said, more warmly than Lord Heron had ever heard him speak before; "forgive me if I am compelled to say that you have acted most

nobly. Whatever may be the issue of this sad business, you have behaved most generously and thoughtfully. I will communicate anything I hear at once."

"Do, do!" said Lord Heron; "suspense is what I hate! And remember, whatever happens, it is Miss Knighton's interests you must consider, not mine."

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Barrington. "It is a pity,"—he paused,—"it is a pity that you do not know her; you would feel fully justified in considering her! She is"—he paused, visibly affected,—"as good as she is beautiful!"

Lord Heron looked rather surprised.

"I did not know——" he said then stopped.

Mr. Barrington waited.

"I never saw her," continued Lord Heron; "but I have heard of her, and I sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart."

He accompanied Mr. Barrington downstairs and helped him into the dog cart, and as he drove away, the lawyer, tired and weary, looked back, and saw Lord Heron standing looking at the sea with a grave and earnest thoughtfulness.

Mr. Barrington found the Revels in a state of excitement.

No tidings of Iris had come to hand during his absence, but another event had occurred which increased the complication the more.

The butler met him in the hall with the news that Felice had gone!

"Gone!" said Mr. Barrington. "Why,—and where?"

"She left a message for you, sir," said the butler. "She said she could not stay here when her mistress had left, and if any one could find Miss Iris, she could. She was driven to catch the mail train, sir. We tried to stop her, sir, but it was no use; no one knows what a determined woman Miss Felice was, but those who lived with her. Wild horses wouldn't have stopped her! Oh, sir, do you think she'll be able to find Miss Iris!" and the honest fellows eyes grew moist.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Barrington. "Miss Iris has probably gone to visit some friend, and we shall hear of her in the morning. Let everybody go to bed, please."

Tired as he was, the old lawyer could not sleep, and the butler, coming to his room, soon after eight, found him up and dressing.

"A telegram, sir!" he said, and waited anxiously to see if Mr. Barrington would give him any information.

Mr. Barrington tore open the envelope. The message was from Lord Clarence, and read thus:

"Have not succeeded. Can find no trace of her."

The day passed slowly. In the course of the next morning Mr. Barrington was summoned to the police court to attend the examination of the signor.

The court was crowded, for the arrest had caused great excitement, and vague rumors of some mystery at the Revels, with which the man was said to be closely connected, had spread as rapidly as such rumors do.

White and haggard, the accused was brought into the dock. He looked round with a quick, furtive glance of his black, beady eyes, and as they fell upon Mr. Barrington, a faint sinister smile curved his lips.

Mr. Barrington listened and watched, outwardly calm, but in breathless anxiety. Would the man proclaim the story of Iris's birth to the world?

As the charge was being read over, a tall figure entered the court, and the crowd turned and regarded it curiously.

It was Lord Coverdale. He was dressed in a suit of dark serge, and wore a band of crape upon his arm. He made his way to Mr. Barrington's side and shook hands with him, but said nothing, and the two stood in silence.

His entrance had not been unnoticed by Signor Ricardo, but the pale face, with its black moustache, and cruel, cunning eyes made no sign of recognition.

Witnesses were called to prove the arrest, and the police authorities asked for a committal.

The magistrate in the chair conferred for a moment with his brother justices.

"Have you anything to say in your defence?" he asked the prisoner.

Ricardo looked at Mr. Barrington and Lord Coverdale, then with a contemptuous smile but with a significance which seemed to strike ominously upon the hearers, he said:

"Nothing—at present!"

"You are committed for trial on the charge," said the magistrate.

Ricardo bowed with mock respect, and the policeman hurried him from the dock.

Lord Coverdale and Mr. Barrington waited until the crowd had dispersed, and then walked out side by side.

"No news? I see it in your face," said Lord Coverdale.

"None!" said Mr. Barrington gravely, and he gave him Clarence's telegram.

"Thank Heaven that fellow held his tongue!" said Lord Coverdale.

"Yes, he has done so—for the present!" said Mr. Barrington grimly.

"He is guilty, of course!" remarked Lord Coverdale.

"Yes, no doubt, and he will be sentenced, seven or fourteen years.

Lord Coverdale heaved a sigh of relief.

"We can rely upon his silence for so long, after that, when he is released, he must be watched for, and paid to remain silent.

Mr. Barrington nodded moodily.

"There is something about the man that convinces me that he is playing some deep game," he said thoughtfully, "we shall see!"

"You have telegraphed to Naples?"

"Yes, this morning! We shall get an answer to-morrow."

"Come, cheer up!" said Lord Coverdale, laying his hand on the lawyer's shoulder, "you will find the villain's story to be a mere vulgar concoction of the ordinary type."

"We shall see, my lord," responded Mr. Barrington again. "Will you come up to the Revels, my lord?"

Lord Coverdale drew back.

"No, no!" he said hastily; "not now! I could not! It would seem as if I believed this story, and—and were anxious to take possession."

"I understand," said Mr. Barrington. "I asked because I find myself placed in an extremely difficult position. I have been carrying on the business of the estate since Mr. Barrington's death, and it's no light amount of business, as you may understand, my lord? There are notices and leases to sign, and——" he stopped abruptly. "My lord, I do not wish to press it, but you must hold yourself in readiness to fill the position into which you have been placed so strangely."

"Not yet! Let us wait as long as possible!" said Lord Coverdale, and he hurried away.

But Mr. Barrington's grave words had added to the feelings of unrest and excitement which possessed him, and he felt as if he did not know what to do or where to go.

As he passed down the street he heard one or two people mention his name, and it was evident that they were already beginning to connect him with the Revels, and all that had occured there, and he was recognized as the probable heir to Mr. Knighton.

He made his way down to the beach and went aboard his yacht. But the deck seemed too limited a space for him, and restless and unsettled, he had himself rowed ashore again, and set off towards the country, inland.

Almost unconsciously he found himself beside the stream where he had last seen the beautiful girl he loved, and throwing himself down upon the spot where she had stood, he gave himself up to reverie.

A vague hope, that sent his veins tingling, possessed him that she might by some chance come there that morning. It was a favorite ride of hers, she had said, and she might come any moment.

With the hope throbbing in his heart, he waited patiently. Just to see her at a distance would be a delight to him. How much greater a joy if he could speak with her once more, perhaps persuade her to tell him why she had left him so abruptly, and with such a strange farewell.

Once or twice his thoughts strayed to Iris Knighton, upon whom so heavy a blow had fallen, and who had fled from the home she had so long regarded as her own: but they were only fleeting thoughts, and his mind and heart went back to the memory of the girl who had risked her life to save his, and whose image was engraven on his heart.

He smoked endless pipes, and waited and watched, but nothing broke his solitude save some passing bird, and at dusk he went back to the yacht, disappointed, but more in love than ever with the beautiful creature whose very name he did not yet know!

* * * * * *

Two days passed. The rumor that something mysterious had followed the Squire of Knighton's death, that Miss Knighton had disappeared, was spreading throughout the county, and tongues were wagging excitedly.

Up at the Revels, Mr. Barrington still occupied the post of steward and caretaker, with increasing gravity and uneasiness.

A letter had come from Lord Clarence, saying that he was still prosecuting his search, but as yet without discovering the slightest clue.

If Iris were in London she had succeeded in concealing herself most completely, and he could not gain the faintest trace of her.

About noon of the third day Lord Coverdale was pacing his yacht, his arms crossed, his head upon his breat.

The suspense was almost maddening, and he was just resolving either to set sail or to go to London and assist in the search, when a boat rowed up to the yacht, and a man came aboard.

"Mr. Barrington's compliments, my lord and will you please come to the Revels? He has sent a carriage, and it's at the quay, waiting, my lord."

Reluctant as he was to go to the Revels, Lord Coverdale felt that he could not decline so peremptory a request, and jumped into the boat and was rowed ashore.

A mail phaeton, with servants in the Knighton livery, was at the quay, as the messenger had said, and the men touched their hats with marked respect as he appeared.

The horses dashed on their way, and Lord Coverdale sat in silence, and with mingled feelings of curiosity and apprehension.

Was he the owner of the Revels, and lord of the manor of Knighton and Beverly, and therefore, free to seek out the girl he loved, or had that Italian scoundrel's story been proved false? For Iris Knighton's sake he hoped that the latter might be the case, heartily and sincerely, and yet, and as his eyes rested upon the smiling landscape through which he passed, the broad fields and well-to do homesteads,—all his, perhaps,—he might be pardoned if a wish arose that in some way some of the wealth around him might be his!

The phaeton drew up at the door, and the servants came down the steps to receive him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHOLESALE HANGING.—Harrison's "Description of Great Britain," printed in 1577, states that 72,000 rogues and vagabonds suffered death in the reign of Henry VIII. In the reign of George III., the hangman was constantly employed, and the wretched criminals were subjected to the most revolting cruelties. In October, 1779, Isabella Condon, who had coined some shillings and sixpences, was hanged, and then burned to ashes at the stake. In August 1782, David Tyrie, who was found guilty of high treason for having corresponded with the French, was hanged at Portsmouth. Having been up twenty-three minutes, he was taken down and disembowelled, his heart taken out and given to the mob, who were allowed to hack the body, and fingers, ribs, and toes were thrown about. The gaoler secured the head, and made a show of it for money. In February, 1785, twenty men were hanged together at Newgate; in April, in the same year, nineteen were hanged at once, and in the following November sixteen. In June, 1786, a woman named Phoebe Harris, who has assisted to counterfeit some shilling pieces, was hanged, and then burned at Newgate. Two years afterwards, Margaret Sullivan suffered a similar fate for a similar offence. She was the last woman burned by the executioner in England.

THE NAME "LADIES."—The following is from an old number of the "Gentleman's Magazine":—"As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than to the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called Ladies, even before their husbands had any title to convey that mark of distinction towards them.

"You must know, then, that heretofore it was the fashion for those families that God has blessed with affluence, to live constantly at their mansion houses in the country, and that once a week, or oftener, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them Leaf-day, i.e., in Saxon, the bread-giver. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice that gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies in this kingdom alone, serve the meat at their own tables."

TESTIMONY has just been given at Russellville, Ky., that a farmer recently had an old ox he was driving stick fast in the mud, whereupon he skinned the animal alive, and, taking the hide, left the poor brute to die in lingering agony.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE VIOLINIST.—A legend of the great violin player, Paganini, is to the effect that he made a compact with the evil one, who promised to let him into the secret of becoming one of the finest violinists of his time. The receipt directed him to kill the being whom he loved best in the world, and whose voice was to him the sweetest, and receive her dying sigh into his favorite violin. According to the story, Paganini thereupon killed a beautiful girl whom he loved, and who was a celebrated singer. Ever afterwards the thrilling notes of her voice could be distinguished in the music of the master's playing.

WHALE HUNTING.—Hunting whales with steamers and cannons is a new idea. The harpoon is made with four umbrella-like ribs, which is fired from a cannon on the ship into a whale's body. Pressure makes it open up and take a wider and firmer hold, and the whale pulling sets off some nitro-glycerine confined in the cone or front part of the harpoon. With all this the whale sometimes runs for many miles, drawing after it the ship, often at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and marking its course with blood. Two thousand feet of heavy rope are fastened to the harpoon, but this as indicated, does not allow sufficient play for this great monster, which is often from 70 to 85 feet long, and weighs about 100,000 pounds.

DIDN'T LIKE IT.—A curious old marriage custom, which is widely prevalent in France, was recently interpreted in a novel and amusing manner. According to this custom, the bridegroom, immediately after the priest has wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying, "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and kissing her, says, "this is how if you treat me well." A short time ago a young Breton married a German girl, and after the ceremony was over, began at once to practice at once the first part of the time-honored custom. The bride, who was ignorant of the symbolic nature of what she naturally considered an insult, returned the stroke, saying, in her own broad dirlect, "Look here, I don't approve of such behavior," after which the husband is said to have performed the second part of the ceremony with more than usual affection.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—In England it was not until the reign of Henry IV. (1399-1413) that villeins, farmers and mechanics, were permitted by law to put their children to school, and long after that they dared not educate a son for the Church without a license from the lord. The kings of England, in their contests with the feudal aristocracy, gradually relaxed the slave laws. They granted charters founding royal burghs, and when the slaves fled into them, and were able to conceal themselves for a year and a day, then they became freemen of the burgh, and were declared by law to be free. The last serfs in England were emancipated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the last serfs in Scotland were not emancipated until the reign of George III., at the end of the last century. Before then the colliers and the salters belonged to the soil, and were bought and sold with it. They had no power to determine what their wages should be.

IN MANITOBA.—The Canadian province, Manitoba, will be of considerable importance in the future. It takes its name from a lake, which lies in the Red River region, in the middle of which is a small island, about which there is a curious Indian tradition. On no account will the Ojibbeways, approach or land upon this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitobe, "the Speaking God," on account of a peculiar sound which is often heard there. The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the "shingle," or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there is a long, low cliff of fine-grained compact limestone, which, under the stroke of the hammer, clinks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff causes the falling fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of different church bells. This phenonomen occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the wind subsides, low wailing sounds, like whispering voices are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is very impressive, and they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

THERE is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry into it an intimation of their own influence, importance or worth.

SMILES AT HOME.

BY J. L. S.

Blest is that man who has a home
  Where love's sweet plant puts forth sweet flowers
A waiting heart when he is gone,
  A smile to cheer his evening hours.

Ah! happy is the hearthstone when
  Sweet smiles play on each joyful face;
But oft 'tis more like prison-pen,
  And shunned like some polluted place.

Because the wonted smiles have fled
  That held each in an earlier day;
Deep lines of care now trace instead,
  Those features where smiles used to play.

Ah! thus the joys of many a home
  Assume a dull and dreary cast,
And wearily sad wanderers roam
  Before care's cold and withering blast.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TWO years later; one evening in June, when the London season was at its height, there was a reception at the Duchess of Albion's.

The saloons, vast as they were, were crowded, masses of people jostled each other in the ante-rooms and vestibules, and on the broad staircases groups of twos and threes sat or stood, wondering laughingly whenever they should ever get so far as the poor duchess, who stood just inside the saloon, shaking hands and smiling like a clever mechanical figure.

Among these groups stood two gentlemen, leaning against the wall, and watching the ingoers and outcomers.

One was a famous personage, as well known in London society as the Prince himself; the other was an equally famous traveler, and had just returned from some unheard of place, and was preparing to start for some other terra incognita.

"Fearful crush," he said, as he squeezed against the wall to permit a fresh stream of people to pass him. "All the world and his wife here to-night. I pity the poor duchess! By George, all I've had to undergo—and I've roughed it in this last trip, old fellow—is as nothing compared with her exertions to-night. I wonder she doesn't cave in and sink to the ground."

His companion, a marquis, smiled.

"Oh, the duchess is used to it, just as you are used to sticking in the saddle for forty-eight hours at a stretch; she doesn't mind. Yes, there are a lot of people here; but I fancy they haven't all come to see the duchess, though of course they'd swear they had if you asked them!"

"Oh!" said the traveler. "Whom have they come to see; each other?"

"Partly—Ah! Lady Constance, how do you do!—partly, but principally, I really and truly believe, to see this hero and heroine of romance."

"What hero of romance, and heroine?"

The marquis stared and laughed.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I forgot you have just returned from the wilds of barbarianism. You haven't heard the Carr-Lyon story, then?"

The traveler shook his head.

"No," he said, "not yet. I did see something of it in a scrap of newspaper that fell into my hands at Khergoah, out there in Tartary, but it was a mere scrap of a couple of inches, and didn't tell me very much."

The marquis smiled.

"I can't give you the details," he said; "it would take too long. But, in a few words, this is it. Arthur Carr-Lyon—you remember him, a mean-spirited kind of fellow, poor beggar!—got hold of the title and estates, thinking, or pretending to think, that Desmond, the heir, was dead. Desmond turns up in disguise, and falls in love with old Major Meddon's daughter. You didn't know her, I think—the loveliest girl! But it seems that Arthur was in love with her, too, and by a series of false pretences gets her to marry him. The night of the marriage he shows himself in his true colors; she flies—a wife only in name—and completely disappears. Desmond, heart-broken, by the loss of her, refuses to claim title, and end of Act 1. Act 2: a woman whom Arthur has wronged some years ago turns up, and murders him—flings him into the Thames, and drowns him and herself at the same time. Desmond now comes forward, compelled to do so, of course, by the disclosures at the inquest and at the trial of a fellow who, instigated by Arthur Carr-Lyon, had murdered a girl who was in love with Desmond. Desmond is forced to admit that he is the real earl, and, of course, there is no opponent. All this time, Kate Meddon, the widow in name only of Arthur Carr-Lyon, is still hidden, and immediately after the trial Desmond, Lord Carr-Lyon, disappears, too. Heaven only knows where he went, or what he did with himself; but within the last week he has turned up again, and to-night, they say, he is to be here! Hence this crowd!"

The traveler listened with much interest.

"And the lady?" he inquired. "Miss Meddon—or Mrs. Carr-Lyon."

"Oh, she is to be here, too!" said the marquis. "She is the heroine, of course. She has been living with Lady Warner—old General Warner, you know—a most lovely creature! I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful woman—girl rather—and with something about her that's more taking than beauty. I'd rather listen to five words from her than a song from a prima donna. That kind of face and voice that clings to you, you know. Comes to you when you're waking in the morning, and at all times of the day."

"Poor marquis!" said his friend with a laugh.

The marquis was almost guilty of a blush.

"Oh, we're all in the same boat," he said with a short laugh. "There isn't a man of us who wouldn't stand on his head to get a smile from her, or walk many miles—if one could—to win a word of thanks."

"And she is to be here to-night?" said the traveler. "Strikes me, I'm in rather more danger here at home than among the Kalmucks, old fellow."

The marquis smiled.

"Yes; you'll fall in love with her at first sight. But it's no use. She is just—not marble, she's too sweet and sensitive for that—but just as immovable. They say that she is still in love with Desmond Carr-Lyon, the hero, but that she will not admit it. It's a strange story, isn't it? The most extraordinary story; beats the novel business into fits. This Desmond, it seems, worked in a quarry, or something of the kind, for months, and was saved from death by the poor girl who was killed—I forget her name; the murderer shot her instead of Desmond. Ah! here she comes!" he broke off in a lower voice.

There was a little stir and bustle at the bottom of the stairs, and two ladies were seen—the focus, as it were, of a small group of persons who pressed forward to exchange greetings and form a kind of retinue.

The one, a white-haired old lady, with a smiling, cheerful face, was Lady Warner; the other was Kate.

She wore a simple and yet elegant dress of black satin and lace, without a single ornament excepting a rose-bud that nestled in her hair.

The marquis had not exaggerated when he had spoken of her as lovely, nor had he erred when he hinted at the charm which she seemed to exert all unconsciously.

The perfect oval of her face was rather pale, but its pallor was not that of ill health, and the faint shadow in her dark, expressive eyes was rather that of a past sorrow than a present sadness; and the smile with which she accepted the attentions of her eager group of courtiers was gentle and gracious.

"Yes, she is very beautiful!" murmured the traveler. "A face once seen always remembered. A face with a history."

"And a history with a face!" retorted the marquis epigrammatically.

The two ladies came up the stairs, bowing to right and left and stopping to exchange a word or two, and passed into the reception room.

Ten minutes later a tall figure entered the hall and looked round.

He was alone, and there was a certain indefinable expression on his face which seemed to indicate that he and solitude were close kin.

Nodding almost absently to one and another he gave his coat and hat to the servants and came up the stairs.

"Here he is," said the marquis. "Handsome fellow, isn't he? Regular Carr-Lyon face. Looks as if he had gone through rather a heavy mill, doesn't he? How d'ye do, Carr-Lyon. Going to join the majority?" and he jerked his head towards the saloon.

Desmond nodded and passed on. This question had set him asking himself another one.

Why had he come here to-night, he who had shunned his fellow men for two long years?

Why should he add one more to this jostling and perspiring crowd? He stopped with a slight frown at the doorway and half turned; then some people pushed him forward with a muttered apology, and he found himself in the room and shaking hands with the poor duchess.

"Ah, Lord Carr-Lyon:" she said, her set smile and regulation voice changing for one of genuine welcome. "How good of you to come. They all told me that I should not succeed in getting you, that the hermit never left his shell! It is good of you! You will find a great many who will be glad to see you."

He bowed over the hand, and with a suitable response, then made his way through the crowd.

In a very few moments he got tired and impatient of the melee, and finding a vacant corner got into it, and leaning against the wall with folded arms, lapsed into thought.

For two years he had been wandering about the world; shunning the cities, and clinging to the wilds with that instinct which the wounded man shows with the lower animal, the instinct that tells man that the only cure for the deadly hurt is solitude and rest.

And all that time he had continued to think of the girl he had loved, and still loved; to dream of her by night, to muse over the memory of her by day.

And at last he had come back. He heard that she was under the shelter of Lady Warner's wing, that she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful and charming woman in London, and the longing to see her, to be somewhere near her, if only for a few hours, took possession of him and mastered him.

He had come back, but he had not yet seen her.

With all his courage, he had shrunk from calling upon her as an ordinary acquaintance might have done.

His heart beat with a wild throbbing at the mere thought of meeting her, and he did not know whether he feared or longed for it most.

You see, he had gone through an ordeal which, like fire, though it may not utterly destroy, leaves its scars behind.

Even at this moment, as he looked at the brilliant, chattering crowd, he was far away in the quarry, with Kate in his arms, and—alas! alas!—loving, true-hearted Nellie dying at his feet.

He was so absorbed with these shadows of the past, mingling with the intense craving to see Kate, that he did not see the notice he was attracting, and that people were watching him with a covert but eager curiosity as they whispered his name to each other, and told the romantic story of his life.

"Most extraordinary man, my dear," murmured one old lady to another. "Hid himself for years, even after that dreadful man, Arthur Carr-Lyon, had been murdered by that still more dreadful woman. Only just come back from—somewhere or other. Oh, most extraordinary! Did you hear what he did with that place in Devonshire which Arthur Carr-Lyon had built? —Lidcote, or something like that. Turned it into a convalescent home for sick children. He did, indeed! Rich? Of course, immensely rich. The Carr-Lyon place, Careford, is one of the best in England. What a match for some girl, for they say he is as good and nice as he is handsome."

"Yes? Well, I'm sure we ought to be very much obliged to him," said her companion, who was rather a nice old lady.

"Obliged to him. Why, my dear?" demanded the first, with quite a little surprise.

"Because he has restored our belief in the romantic," was the reply. "We had got to think that there was no romance left—excepting in the pages of a novel—and it is quite refreshing to find that a man can be a hero, and look it at the same time," she added, glancing approvingly at Desmond's tall figure and handsome face. "He does not seem to be enjoying the sensation he is creating—doesn't seem to know that he is creating any, which is rather ungrateful, isn't it? Look! I fancy he is actually going."

He was going. With the same pre-occupied expression he left his corner and made his way towards one of the numerous exits.

As he did so, while he was in the middle of a crowd going in the other direction, he heard a voice behind him which sent the blood rushing to his face, and caused him to start and turn so abruptly that he came into sad collision with a rather stout old gentleman who had scarcely breath left to respond to his apology.

It was the voice of Kate, the voice that had haunted his dreams and echoed in his heart for two weary, restless years!

He looked in the direction it had come eagerly, and after a few moments he saw her.

Even then his emotion was so great that he almost shrank from going to her.

But he was spared the exertion. She turned suddenly and came towards him, her lovely eyes almost as pre-occupied as his, fixed above his head. Then her eyes fell, and she saw him!

Like him she stopped and her face became suffused, but the next moment it resumed its pallor, and her hand went with an uncertain movement to her heart, as she stood and waited.

He went up to her and held out his hand, trying to speak her name, to greet her in the ordinary fashion, but no word would come, and they stood looking at each other in silence, bridging, by that look, the years that had separated them.

She, woman like, was the first to recover her courage and her speech.

"Lord Carr-Lyon!" she said, and there was a strange quiver in her voice. "This—this is a surprise. Lady Warner—" and she looked round with piteous nervousness.

"Lady Warner is in the rose-house, my dear," said a lady near them.

His wits had come back to him, and he offered her his arm.

"Let me take you to her," he said very quickly.

She laid the tips of her fingers on his arm; he could feel them trembling, and they passed into a conservatory filled with roses.

Neither Lady Warner nor anyone else was there save themselves, and Kate drew back a little, as if she meant retreating, but he put his hand upon hers and held it.

"Kate," he said, in a low voice, "are you afraid of me? Why do you shrink from me?"

She averted her face, her lips quivering.

"I—did not shrink," she faltered. "I ——"

She seemed unable to continue, and sank into a chair, her face still averted.

He stood looking down at her, with a storm of emotion raging in his poor heart.

The sight of her lovely face, the sound of her voice, had so unnerved him that he scarcely knew whether pleasure or pain predominated.

At last he said:

"I—I did not know you were in London. I only returned from Africa a few days ago."

"Yes?" she said; then she went on hurriedly, "Oh, yes, we have been in London since the season began. Lady Warner wished it, and I—I—she has been very very kind to me."

"Heaven bless her!" he said in a low voice.

This made her lips quiver still more ominously.

"There are a great many here to-night. It is the most crowded reception we have had yet."

"Yes?" he said absently, his eyes dwelling wistfully on her face, upon which the color kept coming and going. "Yes!—Kate, are you sorry that I have come back, sorry to see me?" he asked, bending over her.

She fluttered her fan, then closed it, and let it fall on her lap.

"I am glad, everyone must be glad, that you have come back, Lord Carr-Lyon," she said gravely.

"Everyone!" he echoed.

"Yes, yes," she said, more hurriedly. "It is not right that one in your position, with your duties, should be away from England and his proper place."

He smiled bitterly.

"If that is so, then you will think less highly of me when I tell you that I only came back to please myself, to gratify an irresistible longing, and not to benefit others. Ah, Kate!"—and his voice changed—"you know why I have come back! It was to see you——"

"Lord Carr-Lyon!" she said quite brokenly.

"To find for myself whether there was any hope for me, whether the black past was to overshadow the rest of my life, or whether you would take pity on me ——"

She looked round as if she thought of rising and leaving him. But he stood between her and the door, and she knew he would not move to let her pass; not yet, at any rate.

"Kate, you have never been absent from my thoughts for the last two years," he went on. "I love you as truly, as devotedly as ever I did. Have you forgotten me?—have you—oh, Kate, will you not say one word to give me hope?"

Her hands closed on her fan with a convulsive grasp.

"I—Lord Carr-Lyon—I am sorry—sorry that—that you should have spoken. I—oh, for your own sake, leave me and think no more of me."

"For my sake!" he echoed.

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly, with a little catch in her voice. "I am not worthy. I cannot forget—oh, did you think that I could do so?" with a mournful appeal to him. "Have you forgotten who I am, whose daughter I am? How I and mine have wronged and injured you? What misery and shame we have brought upon you and the name you bear——"

"I think of, I remember nothing but that I love you!" he said fervently.

She trembled but her spirit remained firm.

"But I remember," she said. "I cannot forget. It was my father who plotted your ruin; it was my husband who robbed you and injured you! Oh, no, no! It can never be! I should die of shame," and she hid her face in her hands.

"Do you mean, in other words, that you have ceased to love me?" he said sadly. "I don't complain—but tell me, tell me the truth, Kate!"

She remained silent and he drew away from her, then he came back.

"I understand," he said. "The past has worked its curse on both of us. I love you still, but you——" he stopped.

All her heart cried out in a wild longing to throw herself upon his breast and cling to him, but she struggled with the desire and conquered it. Better that he should think her heartless and fickle than that he should sacrifice his future for her—than that he should marry her whose father had so basely wronged him.

He came back to her and stood for a moment silently regarding her, then he said—

"Kate, don't cry, I am sorry I came back. Heaven knows I did not mean to harass you. No! I would rather have remained away from England for the rest of my life; Forgive me! I will not worry you again. I can understand how painful the sight of me must be, and what memories it must call up. I ought to have thought of that; but we men are selfish, we only think of ourselves."

"You selfish!" she murmured, but he did not hear her.

"I'll go back to the Cape," he said with an air of cheerfulness which was in truth rather ghastly. "It—it is an interesting place, and—and I'm rather sick of England. I—I hope you'll be happy, Kate. Don't worry yourself by thinking about me. I—I shall get over my disappointment in time and—and perhaps some day I'll come back when—when I've learnt that hardest of all lessons—to forget you!"

He paused and laughed, a strange little laugh. Then he put his hand inside his waistcoat, and slowly, reluctantly took out some small object.

He held it in his hand and looked at it.

"See here, Kate," he said, in a dry voice, "I mean what I say. I mean to try and forget you; but I could not do it while this thing lay upon my heart. Will you take it back? It shall serve as a token that I will never worry you any more."

He held out a shilling, through which a hole had been bored, and a piece of ribbon threaded.

"There," he said, and he dropped it in her lap with a sigh; "and good-bye ——"

"Good-bye," she said, glancing at the coin, her face pale to the lips, her hands

trembling. "Won't you stay and see Lady Warner?"

"No, thanks," he said; "I have seen the only being in the world I care to see. Will you please tell Lady Warner that I was obliged to go back at once?"

"Yes," she said.

Then she looked up at him.

"I am glad you have decided, Lord Carr-Lyon. I know you think hardly of me; but my conscience—my conscience is clear. I know that I ought not to let you remain and sacrifice your future to one so unworthy as I am. I shall never marry again, never; and I shall always remember you, and think of you," her lips quivered painfully; "and wherever you may be, I pray, yes, I will pray day and night, that you may be happy; and——"

She broke off suddenly, and rose, stretching out her hands with a piteous little cry:

"No, no; I can't—I can't let you go, Desmond!"

He caught her to him and pressed her to his heart, crying in a voice of wondering joy:

"Kate! Kate!"

"No, I can't let you go!" she said weeping, clinging to him and convulsively drawing his face down to her lips; "I can't, I can't! Oh, I do wish I didn't love you so!"

It was well for them that it was only Lady Warner who entered the rose-house at that moment, for the advent of any less dear and true a friend would have been awkward.

With a cry Kate would have sprung away from him, but he held her tightly with one hand and extended the other to the old lady.

"Lord Carr-Lyon!" she exclaimed with pardonable astonishment.

"Yes, it is I, Lady Warner," he said, his face beaming, his eyes gleaming with happiness.

"Have you—have you dropped from the skies?" demanded the old lady spasmodically.

"No," he said with a little smile, "just the contrary, I have just mounted to them."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"How shall I thank you for all your goodness to Kate, to my darling?" he said with fervent gratitude.

"Hém!" replied the old lady, looking at his handsome face with a half smile. "By being very good to her, Lord Carr-Lyon."

"I'll try," he said with a smile, as his hand slowly closed more tightly on Kate's.

"Well!" exclaimed the old lady, who had not yet quite recovered from her amazement. "We'd better go home, I think, and perhaps you'd better come with us, Lord Carr-Lyon."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," he said gratefully, and he drew Kate's arm through his as he offered the other to Lady Warner.

She looked steadily from one to the other smiling, then pointed down to the ground.

"What's that?" she asked.

He stooped, and picking it up, held it out for her inspection, with a smile.

"It is only a shilling!" he said, as he thrust it back in the place it had occupied so long.

"I think you are both mad!" said the old lady, with a laugh.

"Yes," said Desmond, "and I hope we shall continue so."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IT was a very quiet wedding; so quiet, and so soon after their meeting, that the world had not got over its astonishment at the announcement of their engagement before it was thrown into amazement by the news that they were married.

"Went off, arm in arm, as one may say, like a plowman and dairymaid, my dear, and got married at some old church near that place of his, Caresford, you know! And no one knew anything about it! I really and truly believe that there were no bridesmaids, I do, indeed!" said one fashionable lady to another.

But although it was not quite so criminally private as this, it was very quiet indeed, and the society papers were kept quite as much in the dark as to the whereabouts of the honeymoon as they had been as to the wedding itself.

It was only known that the Earl and Countess of Carr-Lyon were "on the continent," which, considering the size of the continent, must be pronounced an extremely vague address!

In due course, that is to say in the beginning of the autumn, a movement of preparation stirred in the huge ancestral home of the Carr-Lyons, and it was known that the earl and countess were coming to Caresford.

The country was just blazing out into its autumn splendor when they arrived, and the big place, with its deep mullioned windows and castellated turrets, looked at its best; but its lord and master did not seem to pay it much attention.

All his thoughts were centred upon the beautiful girl who sat beside him in the carriage, and whose hand nestled, with a lover's content, in his strong palm.

"Home, dearest!" he said. "Home at last!"

She turned her eyes from the big place, and let them rest upon his with a deep and tender happiness.

How huge it is!" she said, in a very low voice.

He smiled, then he looked at her very quickly.

"You really think you will be dull, Kate. We can fill it with people, you know. The shooting ought to be rather good ——"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she murmured, nestling closer and closer to him with a piteous little entreaty. "Not this first autumn. Let us—let us have it all to ourselves this year, Desmond!"

His face cleared and he looked quite relieved.

"Of course!" he responded with profound satisfaction. "Why, we are going to spend our honeymoon here, are we not?"

"Honeymoon, you silly boy! Why what have we been doing for the last two months past?"

"Only rehearsing," he answered, as he pressed her to him.

So they two together spent the autumn in the big place, and big as it was did not find it too large or too dull.

"Home," he had said, and for the first time in her life Kate learned the full meaning of the word.

Long before winter had come, and yet it came so quickly, she had grown to love every room and nook of the old place; to know every cottage, and man, and woman, and child on the estate; had become so completely and entirely Lady Carr-Lyon of Caresford, that Desmond remarked one day with a laugh:

"Why, Kate, sometimes I am more than half persuaded that you have lived here all your life, and that it is I who only came to it three months ago; and I'm sure," he added, eyeing her with that loving pride which always shone in his eyes when they rested on her, "that the people have that conviction. Wherever I go, and to whomsoever I speak, it is all 'Lady Carr-Lyon.' 'Will you ask the countess if she'll do this, my lord?' and 'The countess promised me so-and-so,' and 'If you please, my lord, will you remind her ladyship that she said as how we was to have a new roof to the cottage?' or 'The countess was so good as to say she'd send our Tommy to school.' Why, Kate, there hasn't been such a mistress of Caresford since my great-great-grandmother Matilda's time!" and he nodded at the portrait of the old lady alluded to.

"I can't help it," said Kate with a suspicious moisture in her eyes. "How can I help loving them all when they are all so good to me!"

"I see!" he said, leaning over her chair and turning her beautiful girlish face up to him. "I see! Well, don't spend all my money and all your love on them. Save a little of the latter for one who needs it just as badly as they do!"

And for answer she twined her white arms round his neck and kissed him.

They filled the house at Christmas, and the society papers "ramped," as Desmond called their enthusiasm—about the splendor of the place and the beauty and popularity of its mistress; but before the first of the guests came, the earl and countess paid a visit to Sandford.

They went by themselves, and were only an hour and a half in the place.

They did not go to inspect the convalescent hospital at Lydcote, nor did they make a single call.

But they walked slowly from the station by a narrow path that led to the stone quarry.

In silence they both stood and looked down at it, then turned and made their way to the town.

Passing through the street they halted for a moment at a confectioner's shop, where on a cold bleak evening a certain homeless wanderer had shared his last coppers with a still poorer tramp and her little one.

Then they made their way to the churchyard and stood beside a grave.

It was not a monumental pile of granite, but a simple little grave upon which a single snowdrop was blooming; a type of the pure, white-souled girl who slept beneath.

A plain white marble slab stood at the head of the modest grave, and on it were inscribed the words:

"Nellie. Faithful unto death."

That was all.

Lady Carr-Lyon knelt down, and gently and reverently laid a wreath of Christmas roses beside the snowdrop; then, still in silence, and hand-in-hand they left the churchyard.

With remarkable regularity, at intervals of a month, Desmond received a letter bearing the Boulogne post-mark.

It was never a long epistle, and its purport was always the same.

It came from Major Meddon, and it never failed to remind Desmond that he was his son-in-law, and always contained a request that Desmond would send his poor father-in-law sometimes ten pounds, sometimes twenty, sometimes a hundred.

And as unfailingly the money was sent. What the major did with it remained unknown, until one month the usual letter did not arrive, but in its place a note from one of the major's friends, stating that the gallant old gentleman had fallen a victim to a severe cold, which was the writer's polite phrase for "Drank himself to death."

Desmond went over to attend the funeral, and as he stood beside the grave and watched the men throw in the last spadeful of earth, he drew a long sigh, for he felt that with the old man who lay there was buried the last remnant of the bitter past; that the last shadow in his darling's life had passed away, and that nothing was left to darken the future which with Heaven's help he would make bright for her as the noonday sun.

In due course came a young, a very young guest to Caresford; one who was made very welcome, for indeed he was the son and heir.

"I suppose you'll call him Desmond, my dear!" said Lady Warner. "He's a beautiful boy, and wonderfully like his father!" which was scarcely complimentary to the earl, who stood looking with a half-smile of suppressed pride and joy at his first-born.

"Thank you, Lady Warner, but I've always noticed that a baby only continues to resemble his father while he is in all the splendid ugliness of his first youth; when he gets presentable, people exclaim at his wonderful likeness to his mamma. Oh, yes; we'll call him Desmond, eh, Kate?"

"Clifford Desmond," she said in a low voice.

Later on came a little girl to keep my young Lord Clifford company, and again Lady Warner suggested the name.

"Of course you'll call this angel Kate!" she said, hugging the little morsel with all an old lady's effusiveness over the last born.

"Of course!" said Desmond, and he glanced at his wife.

A faint shade passed over her pale, sweet face as she took the mite in her arms and bent over it.

"I only knew one angel," she said, in a tremulous voice; "she shall be called after her."

No one spoke or inquired what that name was, for they knew she would answer—"Nellie."

[THE END.]

The Lost Pinks.

BY H. CRESWELL.

MR. JOSEPH FENTON gave an involuntary shudder as he emerged from the principal door of a great business house in the Rue Desrolles, and felt the cutting north-east blast that at that moment swept up the street, sending the dust swirling in blinding clouds.

It was such a blast as causes one to doubt somewhat the dispensations of Providence. But Mr. Joseph Fenton being a business man on business matters intent, had no time to dwell on the question of the good or evil of north-east winds.

He merely felt that the wind was cold, buttoned his overcoat more tightly across his chest, hesitated as to whether he should hail a fiacre or walk the little distance to his hotel, and then, having decided on the latter course of action, briskly descended the broad, stone steps of the great building.

He was a partner, a junior one be it said, in the enormous firm of Marlow, Fenton & Co., and it was in the interests of the firm that he was in the French capital.

The interests of the firm seemed in a fair way to prosper, for there was a bland expression and the flicker of a smile on his face this morning, and Joseph Fenton was a man not wont to smile except under singularly auspicious circumstances.

When he reached the pavement he continued his brisk step and kept his eyes bent down, never raising them to glance at the passers-by.

He was, of course, wrapt in contemplation of the transactions of Marlow, Fenton & Co.

As he neared the end of the street he became suddenly conscious of footsteps following him, swift, though somewhat timid footsteps.

At the same instant he heard a light sigh, and a soft, pathetic voice besought him for aid. He turned half round and saw a woman, tall and slender, clad in rags and barefooted.

Her face, save for her dark, sad eyes, was hidden by the thin shawl she had drawn closely about her head, in a vain endeavor to shield herself from the icy air.

"No, no. Go away, or I'll call a gendarme," he said to her gruffly, and at the same time he made a side movement with his gold-headed walking-stick as though to push her from his path. She sighed again.

"There is no need. I'll go away."

The words were lost on him, but not the sigh.

"Poor thing, perhaps she is cold," he said to himself, something like pity touching him.

He felt in his pocket for a coin or two and turned round to give them to her, but she had left him swiftly and silently, and was already half-way down the street again.

"Gone to beg from someone else, no doubt," he thought, as he replaced the coins in his pocket.

Then he went on his way to his hotel and his well-balanced mind reverted to business. And the cruel wind blew more icily than ever, and light, fine snow began to fall.

Mr. Joseph Fenton felt heartily glad when he found himself comfortably seated at his dainty luncheon of cotelettes a la something or other.

* * * * * *

"He will be in at half-past five, if Monsieur will be good enough to wait," and Joseph Fenton was ushered into a small waiting-room in the house of a French lawyer, who had to be consulted in the interests of Marlow, Fenton & Co.

He drew a chair to the fire and stretched out his hands to the cheery blaze.

"A vile day," he ejaculated to himself. "Worst we have had this winter," and he listened to the occasional gusts howling past the window.

By-and-by he found himself gazing at the picture over the mantel-piece. What was there about it that riveted his whole attention?

It was only a picture of a woman clothed in rags, standing by the brink of a dark, rushing river, the glaring light of a street lamp falling on her face. She was pale and emaciated, and her expression was that of absolute hopeless despair.

The hands were convulsively clasped together and the head was turned away from the gleaming, black water, as though she feared the sight of it might make her waver in her dire resolve.

There was something about the figure which seemed familiar to Joseph Fenton. Yes, undoubtedly he had seen those eyes before. But where? In a dream?

No, in reality; that same morning in the Rue Desrolles. There was no mistaking it; the picture before him was the picture of a woman who had begged from him and been refused, and who had sighed so pitifully. It was easy to explain.

Doubtless some woman had fancied the woman's face in despair, and painted her thus in all her poverty. Artists are always picking up strange people for models. Still this explanation hardly seemed satisfactory to Joseph Fenton; he turned uneasily in his chair and stared at the picture with a half-puzzled, half-frightened expression.

For, at the sight of it, like a far-off memory, there came to him the vision of a face from the buried past, the face of whom he had sworn to love and protect, and who had given him her whole soul. But alas! she was only a poor governess, and in his own interest it beloved him to cast her aside and trample her love under foot.

The woman he had wedded was the daughter of the head of the firm of Marlow, Fenton & Co., and Joseph Fenton was only a junior clerk in the firm, and—well, one must sacrifice someone's happiness occasionally if one wishes to get on in this world.

And now the poor governess's face was before him once more, but on, how changed. The last time he had seen her she was young and fair; now time and want had done their work. And the beggar in the street, what of her? Joseph Fenton clutched his chair convulsively as he thought of her,

Could it be that——

"Monsieur Morbillat has returned. Will you be good enough to step this way?"

Mr. Joseph Fenton passed his hand across his brow, and, like a man in a dream followed the concierge out of the room.

* * * * * *

Next morning Joseph Fenton found himself wandering aimlessly about the streets; this time not in the interests of the firm.

All the long night he had been haunted by visions of a woman, at one moment stretching out her hands to him for aid, at another, turning with a sigh to the river where death would put an end to all her miseries. And the face of the woman was the face of that love of long ago, whom he had spurned for wealth.

To shake off his fancies, therefore, he went out into the streets. Yet why did he direct his steps to the Rue Desrolles?

It was as though some power were driving him to seek her. Perchance she might be there and he might help her.

He was almost disappointed not to find her. With a shudder he thought of the river. Still led by a kind of involuntary curiosity he walked on till he reached it. For many minutes he watched the muddy water flowing coldly past, then turned away and went: whether to the right or to the left he heeded not.

On and on he hastened until he found himself on a bridge, and facing him was a low grey stone building, through which a stream of people was perpetually passing, in at one door and out at another.

Without asking what the place was Joseph Fenton followed the people.

One glance was enough to tell him he was in that most ghastly abode of ghastly horrors the Morgue. He grew sick and giddy as he gazed through the glass screen that separates the living from the dead, for there, facing him, he saw, oh God! the lifeless form of her whom he had loved in the far off past. She was lying white and still, with upturned face on which was written all the misery of a hopeless existence.

She had been dragged from the dark river only a few hours before.

There was no clue whereby to trace her identity, only on a cord round her neck was fastened a little piece of paper tightly rolled up, and on it was written the woman's life history, the one word "Forgotten!"

The man of business hurried quickly from the place without giving any information which might unravel the mystery.

* * * * * *

A day or two afterwards Joseph Fenton paid another visit to Monsieur Morbillat, the lawyer, and begged of him to sell the picture in the waiting-room.

The lawyer stared at him in amazement. There was no picture there, he declared, nor ever had been. Whereupon, Mr. Fenton, to satisfy himself, went into the room.

The wall over the mantel-piece was blank.

THERE are models of machines in the Patent Office that have the power of running until worn out, and that perpetual motion has in them been achieved; but the machines are practically useless, as they have no surplus power with which to run anything else but themselves.

No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.

GOING AWAY.

BY A. M. C.

You are turning your head away,
  There are tears in your quivering breath;
Do you know that I am going alone
  Down through the valley of death?

Oh! clasp my hand while the angels call,
  And stifle those weary sighs;
And say you will watch till the shadows fall
  Over my tired eyes.

The rest will be sweeter than all,
  My feet are so weary and worn;
The road has been rugged and rough,
  Rugged and rough since the morn.

But the end is near; in the gloom I hear
  The dip of the boatman's oar,
And white hands beckon me through the mist
  Away to the other shore.

MY TENANTS.

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been away for some days on one of my usual excursions, in search of new varieties of insects, and I was returning alone to the island where I had fixed my headquarters.

I had got used to my solitary life there; I rather liked it; and I had once found myself in danger on account of its loneliness.

If I had had a companion he would probably have interfered with my scientific labors; and I was then full of the career which I imagined to be before me.

I wished to make discoveries for myself, and I wanted the materials of my researches to be as original as possible. I had every facility for the work I wished to do—especially for the study of corals.

When I needed recreation I visited the settlement, which was within half a day's sail of me; or I spent a couple of nights with a friend who lived near it.

But this seldom happened, and I had now—the season being favorable for such an expedition—been on an excursion to some neighboring islets, where I had established quite a trade with the natives in the specimens that I wanted.

They collected for me and were glad to dispose of what they found at a marvelously cheap rate.

My expedition had been a successful one, but I happened to be rather out of spirits at the end of it.

I thought that perhaps I needed rest, and I resolved to treat myself very soon to a change of scene and some more congenial society.

I would take a few days at my shanty, arrange my newly-secured treasures, and then go on to the settlement.

It was evening when I came in sight of the island on my return journey. The sun, near its setting, cast a glory on the tranquil sea.

The scene reminded me of illustrations in books of poetry read when I was quite a lad. Its beauty had something uncanny about it, to my thinking.

I was a very practical person, with no inclination to become a hero of romance, and something uglier and much less lonely would have suited me better at that moment.

The place to which I was going did not look like home, a good comfortable home, such as I had been used to; it seemed rather a suitable locality for one of Byron's heroes to settle in, when he indulged in tender ecstasies between his outbursts of fiery and desolating passion.

There was the tranquil water inside the reef, and the almost land-locked little bay, on the shore of which stood my old shanty.

All the trees in the foreground, and the hills that rose behind them, were familiar, yet strange to me.

I had come back to them many a time in the same way; but this home-coming was destined to be different from any others. As I lowered my sail and shot into the bay, I noticed a circumstance which instantly aroused my attention, and put me upon my guard.

Somebody had taken possession of my house before me. There was smoke rising from the chimney of my shanty. I took up my oars and skirted the shore, rowing cautiously, until I came to a little inlet into which I could push my boat out of sight.

It was very near my fresh-water spring. There I fastened it and prepared to reconnoitre.

I felt convinced that I had not to do with savages, who would never have troubled to light a fire indoors; but I knew—bitter experience had taught me—that there were evil characters wandering from island to island in these comparatively unknown seas, who were as dangerous as any native.

At least one such evildoer had visited my island before; it behoved me therefore to proceed with caution, and to ascertain who occupied my shanty before I entered it.

I got out of my boat and crept in the shelter of some bushes towards the shanty on its blind side, that is to say, the side which had no door or window.

I had a gun in my hand, and a pistol in my pocket, and I stood still, watching; but I knew that I should have to make up my mind quickly to some course of action, for the sun would be gone directly, and darkness would follow soon.

There would be a moon later, but it would be some time before it rose. I thought it probable that the inhabitants of the hut would make an appearance outside before turning in for the night; and I waited for this event.

The door of my shanty opened outwards (my interior being somewhat cramped); and from where I stood I could see the blank edge of the wall, showing that it was now closed; but in a few minutes what I expected happened—the door swung into sight, and someone came out.

I had kept my gun handy, but I now lowered it instantly and stared at the newcomer in astonishment. It was a lady who stepped out of my shanty.

Yes, she was a lady, though she was dressed very plainly, and she held my water-bucket in her hand, I could see it in the way she carried herself, in the posture of her head, and the action of her little feet.

As she came out of the shadow of the shanty, the sunlight caught the mass of her brown hair and turned it golden, and the slimness of her figure showed me that she was young.

She had not seen me. I rested my gun upon the ground and continued to gaze at her.

It would have been surprising enough to see an Englishwoman there at all—as she evidently was—but an Englishwoman of this sort!

She could not have arrived at this place alone, yet, if she had any companion, why was she going down to the stream for water? a task for which she hardly looked strong enough.

She seemed almost at home, too, as if the place was not altogether new to her, nor the life strange.

But she walked slowly, and as if dispirited; her head drooped despondingly, in contradiction to the natural buoyancy of her movements.

She looked back once, and then came on more slowly still, as if she did not desire to hurry through the task; but she did not glance about her at the scene with any natural pleasure, or even with any youthful curiosity.

As she approached me, I moved out of my concealment to meet her, but at the sight of me she stepped backwards in the liveliest terror; the bucket dropped from her hand, and she gazed at me with dilated eyes for one moment.

Before I could speak to reassure her, I began to perceive, however that it was not of myself that she was afraid.

She glanced back over her shoulder anxiously, to see if she was followed or observed; then, as if reassured on that point, she waved her hand towards me with a frantic gesture of warning. "Back back!" she said, "hide yourself!"

She picked up her bucket and went on, as if she had seen nothing. Her manner was so urgent that I obeyed her at once, and I had hardly done so before a man stepped half out of the doorway.

I could make out his height—which was tall, over six feet—and his figure—which was big—but not his face. He could, apparently, see her from where he stood.

"Did you call?" he shouted, "can't you carry it?"

His voice was rough—in strong contrast to hers—but it was that of a man who might have had some education once, and lost it. It seemed to me that he intended it to be good-natured now.

She stood still and looked steadily back at him.

"No, thank you," she called out, very distinctly.

"I can manage quite well."

Then she went on again. I, who was nearer to her, could see that her lips were as white as her face; and it was a marvel to me how she had kept her voice so clear. Apparently she thought there was urgent need of it.

She went on to the stream and dipped her bucket. She must, as she did so, have seen my boat in its hiding-place, but she made no sign of surprise.

She stood there for a moment as if to rest, with her back to the shanty, and all the time that she did so, I could see the outline of the man's figure lounging against the doorway.

She took up her bucket at last and slowly returned. At the point where she was nearest to me, she put down her burden as if to rest, and stooped to fasten her boot.

As she did so the bucket was between her foot and the shanty. While she bent down in this way she turned her face towards me for the first time since the man had appeared, and I felt sure that she meant me to notice what she was doing.

She picked up her bucket then and went on as before, only her cheeks were now flushed instead of pale.

When she had entered the shanty, the man followed her in and shut the door. Almost immediately the sun set.

* * * * * *

Here was a mystery and a dilemma! The unknown lady had appealed to me, in a way which I could not resist, to keep out of sight of my own house.

I could not tell whether she feared for herself or for me; but evidently the unknown man, who was her companion, was not to be informed of my presence. I ventured as far as the stone on which she had rested her foot, in order to see before it grew dark what I should find there.

There was a bit of paper thrust under it, on which was scratched, as if with a hair pin, "Do not show yourself until I am alone. Take away your boat."

This was a further warning, and because it was so mysterious to me I dared not overlook it. Yet there seemed to me at least as much danger in hiding as in showing myself.

I was not afraid of her companion, if I might meet him fairly; but to skulk round my own premises was not to my taste.

However, she was not the sort of woman whose requests a man of any feeling could ignore. There was nothing sensational or coquettish about her.

She looked as if her natural place would be some refined middle-class home; you might expect to see her teaching in a Sunday-school or assisting in a church decoration at Christmas time.

To find her domiciled in a Pacific island with a piratical-looking companion was an anomaly.

Whatever the explanation of her strange position might be, she was undoubtedly in grievous trouble, and I ought to hold myself in readiness to help her.

As soon as it got dark enough I accordingly did as she had requested, and rowed my boat away to a more distant and secure retreat. Then I crept up to the shanty, and waited, for I was resolved to do a little reconnoitring when the moon rose high.

The smoke had now ceased to come out of the chimney and all had been long still. I took my station under a little window which commanded the whole interior of the downstairs apartment.

At one side of this apartment was a ladder staircase which mounted to a tiny room with just space enough in it for me to stand beside the little bed wherein I slept.

It was an airy room, however, with a window on every side but one; and on that side there was a kind of peep-hole, so that I could survey the landscape in all directions from it when I felt disposed. The staircase ladder was a movable one.

In the downstairs room there was one window only, opposite the ladder staircase; it was to the east.

The rising moon would presently strike it and illuminate the inside. It was only a half-moon when it came, but it was enough for my purpose.

I crouched on the ground silently, and watched until it had climbed to the needful height; then I rose and looked in. There was no blind to interfere with my view.

Stretched on the floor I could see the massive limbs of the man who had stood in the doorway. There was no other occupant of the apartment.

He seemed to be fast asleep, and his face lay on his arm, with the moonlight on the rough mass of his hair. His features were hidden from me, and I knew that the moonlight would soon creep past him, so that my curiosity might be baffled after all. But now he stirred, stretched himself, and rolled over towards me, then slept as before, with the moonbeams full on his face.

I knew that I had seen him before. It was more than a year ago, and in a place hundreds of miles away.

He had been on his trial for murder, and, though he had got off for want of sufficient evidence against him, everybody who saw him go free knew him for the villain he was.

Robber, wrecker, and kidnapper he had long been, and it was for the murder of his wife that he had at last been arrested. But he had escaped the clutches of the law and disappeared after all.

Here, then, he had reappeared, with a new companion, and one of another class, almost of another world. The situation was incomprehensible.

It was said by those who knew him best, that he had shown no remorse for the death of his wife: she had betrayed his secrets and thwarted his plans; she deserved to die.

The morality of such a man is very simple; they are wicked who obstinately stand in his way.

I knew this man to be such a villain that if he had been alone I should have awakened him with a pistol at his head and a request to vacate my premises instantly. Taken even at such a disadvantage as that he would be a formidable antagonist. He was apparently between forty and fifty years old, but still in the prime of his strength, indifferent to danger and full of a brutal courage.

He had once been handsome—in the style of a bravado—and he was not absolutely without education, but he had not a sufficiency either of good looks or good manners to hide his real nature from a cultivated woman.

I recognized the man perfectly now, and longed to deal with him promptly; but I remembered the terror of the lady, and her appeal to me. She had trusted me and meant to befriend me.

I did not understand her relationship to this ruffian, but I could not ignore her frightened request. Therefore I crept back into cover and slept there as well as I could until morning.

It was nearly noon of the next day before I was able to leave my hiding-place. The lady went down to the stream for water twice and the man once.

At last I saw him push off in a boat (which had, on my arrival, escaped my observation), and disappear.

Then his companion came out and looked round, as if for me, but she insisted that I should keep out of sight even while we talked.

"He might come back at any moment and see us."

"For whom are you afraid?" I asked, "for me or for him?"

"For both of you, for myself. If there should be a struggle or a quarrel, what would become of me? I dare not interfere. He is not unkind to me now, but if I tried to meddle with him——" she covered her eyes with her hand and shuddered.

"Is he your husband?"

It seemed a brutal question to ask her, but she had a wedding-ring on her finger, and I could not understand any other position. For she did not beg me to help her to escape, as I had half-expected.

"Yes," she answered quietly, without any explanation.

"How long have you been married to him?" I could not help asking her.

"Four months!"

She uncovered her eyes and looked at me strangely, hardly, as she spoke.

"Is that your house that we are living in?" she demanded abruptly.

I answered, "Yes."

"Could not you leave it to us and go away before he comes back?"

It seems, now, a cool request for her to have made, but the coolness of it did not strike me so much at the time; I was impressed instead by the sense of despair that it implied.

She was asking, as it appeared to me, for such a horrible fate. I could not believe she meant it.

"Cannot I help you in any other way?" was my reply.

"Nothing can help me, nothing. I am as good as dead. I should like you to tell no one that you have seen me here, to deny it if anyone asks you."

She spoke passionately and bitterly. If she had married this man in some strange moment of infatuation she had swiftly repented and was already ashamed. Did she know that he was a murderer? I thought not.

"Is your husband unkind to you?"

"I have told you, no, not now."

When had he been so? I wondered.

"He wants me to think well of him, he tries to drop his evil ways that I may do it. It is strange that he should care, but he would like me to love him."

She spoke with a kind of shuddering horror and wonder. Here was no mere disenchantment. I could not understand her.

"Why not leave him then?" I asked.

"No," she said, "never. Here I am hidden. He wants me to be hidden, but he could find me anywhere. And I will never go back to the world; never. No one shall know that I even live!"

Her state of mind seemed so unreasonable and deplorable that I tried to rouse her from it violently. I did not see how I could otherwise help her.

"Do you know," I said, "that he is a murderer?"

"Why do you tell me?" she answered; "you are cruel. I have guessed it, or why should I have been so afraid when I saw you? At least he murders no one here. The one thing that makes me not loathe myself is the knowledge that I save others while I suffer myself. Go away, and let us have your house, then he will murder no one more."

"But if we brought him to justice? You would be free!" I said, wishing to test her farther.

"And they would know!"

Who were they? I wondered again. Could she have kept this dreadful marriage a secret from her friends?

"It could not be hidden," she went on to say, "you would leave me alive. You would not kill me with him after you had told all the world."

I was utterly perplexed, yet the vehemence of her misery carried me quickly away.

"I hoped to see no one in this island; no one ever again except him, and some day he will end it for us both. He cannot have patience with my ways for ever. I hoped the owner of this place would never return, but I was afraid that he must come back, and then what would happen? What new and dreadful thing should I have to see?"

She looked at me fixedly and thoughtfully.

"He would kill you," she said, in a low voice, "you would have no chance against him."

"Forewarned is forearmed," I answered, trying to speak lightly, but she looked at me almost in reproach, as if I jested with her terrors.

"There is one thing you might do for me," she said, "if you will swear to be secret, and to do it just as I tell you."

I asked her what it was, without committing myself to any promise, and in the end I accepted her commission.

I think she gave it to me for two reasons; first, because it would take me immediately away from the island, and I believe that she hoped in my absence to induce her wicked husband to depart elsewhere.

I was glad to oblige her and not unwilling to have time to think the circumstances over.

I did not know how to interfere to her advantage, nor had I the right to do it, her history being a blank to me; but I was deeply interested in her unhappy fate. I felt quite sure that she needed personal help and protection, even while she refused them.

If I had no right to give such help, was there no one who had?

I made her no promise except that I would do her errand as secretly as possible, but that night, when the strange inmates of my shanty had closed their door and disappeared, I pushed off from the island with a number of valuable pearls in my possession.

I was to get the pearls exchanged for gold and to send the proceeds to "Mrs. Robertson, Green Lane Cottage, North Beckerton, England."

I was so to manage the affair, if possible, that it should not be discovered even from what part of the world the money had come.

"The pearls are my own," the lady said; "he gave them to me; he has quantities, though he goes on collecting still. They are of no use to him or to me while we live in this way. I think he used to go to the settlements and spend a great deal from time to time, and then begin to store up again. But it is different now; he buys what we want and comes back again. He has never left me for more than a few days at a time."

"Does he not take you with him?"

"Not to the towns. No; and I not wish to go."

The indescribable shrinking with which she answered me was another proof of her reluctance to meet her fellow-creatures on the present platform of her life. What would her place be among them today?

She had once been guarded from the rough and evil things of the world, so that such a man as she had now married would hardly have been permitted to speak to her at all.

"Then you live entirely in solitary places?"

"I prefer it. But this is the nicest of any we have been in. You have so many things that are like home. We are not so much savages here. I think that, for my sake, he meant to stop if you did not come back; and if you did——" she sighed and shuddered.

"He could easily get rid of me," I suggested.

She looked at me gravely and answered with her strange simplicity:

"He is a strong man, and he has no scruples."

"Do you see absolutely no one else?"

"Once or twice I have seen men who know him; but he does not want me to speak to them; we go away afterwards to another place; or if natives show themselves, then we go away somewhere else."

"Are you not afraid of being left alone?" I asked her; but she gazed at me in wonder, as if to demand what there was left to be afraid of.

"There is one thing I should like to ask you," I said; "if your husband does not care what you do with these pearls, and would gladly give you more, why don't you get him to send them for you?"

Perhaps my inquiry was unkind, but I was devoured by a most sympathetic curiosity.

It was not that I doubted anything she told me, but only that I wished to understand her circumstances as much as possible, in order to help her.

"Do you think," she said, trembling with a sudden emotion, "that I would speak to him of those people, that I would let him know that they were ever in my thoughts, or bring them, by any word of mine, into his? Better that they should starve to death than that they should be put into any sort of communication with him or his."

She burst into tears then, for the first time, and I was shocked at the intensity of her distress, at the passion of her sobs.

It was some time before she could regain her self-control; I had evidently touched a chord in her memory which absolutely unnerved her, accustomed as she had now become to self-suppression.

I was ashamed of myself; I asked her no more questions, but promised to carry out her instructions, to the best of my ability.

Well, I took the pearls, and managed the business, but badly enough, as it afterwards turned out.

I was never a good hand at this sort of thing. I was away nearly a week over it, and I wondered what was happening on the island meanwhile.

I had gone to M——, the most considerable town within a moderate voyage, and had afterwards made my way back to the settlement nearest to my island; and still I had not made up my mind what to do next.

I could not simply abandon the girl to her fate, as she had practically asked me to do, nor could I interfere against her own wish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BABY'S TEETH.—"It would be a mistake," says a famous German writer, "to believe that we are more mediæval than other nations. The measures for relieving the dangers from the cruel attacks by the ambushing teeth upon the unsophisticated baby, prove better than anything else how the maternal (and professional?) minds have been impressed by awe-stricken faith down to the second half of the nineteenth century. In different parts of Germany, Australia, and Switzerland they resort to the following measures. The tooth of a colt a twelve-month old is worn round the neck at the time of the increasing moon. The paw of a mole, bitten off, is sewed in (a bag) and worn round the neck, the baby to be licked by dogs. The head of a mouse is used as the paw of a mole. Every female visitor gives the baby a hard boiled egg. The baby is carried to the butcher, who touches the gums with fresh calf's blood. The gums are touched with the teeth of a wolf or with the claw of a crab. The baby is supplied with three morsels from the first meal in the new residence after the wedding; bread from the wedding feast of a newly-married couple in good repute; a mass of lind aprons cut at twelve o'clock on Good Friday. A bone found by accident under the straw mattress. Mother, when first going to church after confinement, kneels on right knee first. A man coming to visit is silently given a coin, touches the gums of the baby three times, and—goes to the tavern." All these customs in cultured Germany, in the nineteenth century!

At Monte Carlo.

BY E. ADAIR.

THE sun was blazing down upon the trim lawns, smooth paths, and brilliant parterres of tropical flowers and shrubs which surround the gambling saloons of that corner of the world "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

In a shady corner, in a comfortable American lounging chair, there reclines a young Englishman, whose emaciated features and languid air bespeak him an invalid.

He lies back with his eyes shut, inhaling the balmy hair and sweet scents of that most delicious climate, while the lazy humming of bees, and the distant strains of music seem to obviate the necessity for the songs of the birds, which, singularly enough, are never heard in Monte Carlo.

At his feet there rolls on the grass a little baby girl of about two years old, who is watched from a respectable distance by a clean white-capped bonne, as she plies her needle diligently under the shade of an adjoining palm tree.

The remaining figure in the group is that of a sweet-looking girl, in a fresh brown holland dress and shady white hat, who sits a little behind the invalid, with a large green fan in her hand, which she occasionally raises and slowly waves to and fro to keep off the mosquitoes.

One would never think she was old enough to be the mother of that plump, intelligent-looking child who is scrambling up her father's knee with little out-stretched hands, imploring attention.

Captain and Mrs. Spencer have been married three years, and he has just returned invalided from a military operation. He has been very ill, and is ordered to Monte Carlo for the change.

Although now all reasonable anxiety for his health is over, yet Mrs. Spencer does not look happy as she sits there, and her eyes are fixed, with an anxious careworn look, on the brilliantly blue sea, which glitters and sparkles in the distance.

Any casual observer would, on noticing the group, imagine that the anxiety she must feel for her husband caused her melancholy expression. But that is not the case.

Only yesterday as she was passing by the gambling saloon she felt a sudden desire to go inside, and see for herself what it was like.

She had passed and repassed the doors many times before without feeling any wish to enter, but then she had always been with her husband, or other friends, and this time she was alone.

Timidly, though somewhat reassured by the crowds of gay and noisy folks passing in and out, among whom she observed many undeniably English people, she crept inside the folding doors, and paused half alarmed yet more interested by the scene that met her gaze.

The tables, surrounded by eager excited crowds, the hoarse voices of the croupiers, the glare and bustle, and confusion of sounds; above all the intense concentrated attention of the gamblers on the game, fascinated her, and was unlike anything she had imagined.

She stood watching the gay scene for a time, afraid to venture further.

At last she approached cautiously to see a little nearer and found herself next to a benevolent-looking old gentleman who courteously made way for her, and thus she found herself immediately behind the backs of the players who were seated round the tables.

She saw with astonishment how some had piles of napoleons and bank notes spread out before them, and seemed to be constantly adding to them.

Just in front of where she stood, there sat a lady, evidently of distinction, whose clearly-cut features showed an air of haughty indifference to whether she won or lost, though her white hands were constantly bringing back fresh additions to her store, which at last assumed large proportions.

Suddenly she rose, and, sweeping her gains into a velvet reticule, turned and came face to face with Caroline Spencer.

She smiled, showed a row of beautifully white teeth, and motioning towards the table said in a foreign accent:

"Madame will doubtless back the red; it is wonderful."

Caroline drew back hastily, at which the lady smiled and said:

"Oh, do not look so shocked; I, even I, have got all this—10,000 francs. I only put on one five-franc piece to begin;" opening her bag and disclosing a quantity of napoleons and notes lying mixed up inside it.

Many conflicting thoughts rose in Caroline's mind even while the lady was gently motioning her to her own seat. What an easy way it seemed!

Ah, if she could only get a little money to send home. Her father, a hard-worked country clergyman, was as she knew in great straits for money and only that morning she had a letter from her younger brother saying how much he hoped to be able to get to college, but he was dreadfully afraid that his father could not afford it.

10,000 francs—$2000. Her color rose, and her eyes sparkled as she reflected if she could only win something, even a quarter of that, what a help it would be.

The foreign lady standing behind her noted her changing color and bending forward whispered again, "Do not be afraid, it is but to put in on the red."

Half hesitating, Caroline drew her little purse from her pocket, but the sight of it brought a rush of home memories which caused her to spring up quickly and exclaim:

"I cannot, I must not; please let me pass."

The purse had been knitted for her as a wedding present by her old nurse, who had been in the place of a mother to her.

The lady looked much disappointed, but leant over again and whispered in the most seductive tones:

"Then, my dear madame, you will do me this little favor; place this on the red for me."

Unwillingly Caroline complied, and when in return for the napoleon the croupier pushed over to her a little heap of gold, she shrank back in nervous horror, and made her escape.

This is what is weighing on her mind, as she sits there so placidly in the scented heat, and lazily waves the large green fan to and fro, keeping time with the gentle monotonous plashing of the waves.

Presently the temptation reasserts itself so forcibly, that she rises and leans over her husband, to see if he is aware of her movements, but he is lying back with his eyes closed, and evidently fast asleep.

The little child, tired of such a dull companion, has crept way to her beloved bonne, and both are out of sight.

Caroline rises gently, and speeds with wings of fear towards the Pavilion; only dropping into a decorous walk when she comes in sight of the gaily-dressed crowds passing to and fro.

This time, possessed by the one idea of gaining some money to send home, she boldly entered the saloon and, taking the first vacant seat, produces a five-franc piece from her slender store, and puts it on to the red with trembling fingers. Relentlessly the croupier rakes it up.

Caroline stakes again with the same result. But now the gambling fever has infected her; with eyes full of tears she goes on desperately putting one after another coin down, only to lose it.

She has emptied her purse, what shall she do? She sits with straining eyes, gazing on the board.

At last the red turns up, again and again, and she has no money to stake. She rises from her place, leaves the heated saloon, and issues forth into the cool fresh air.

With her brain in a whirl she speeds back to where she left her husband and child. Cautiously she takes from his relaxed fingers the pocket-book which he had been looking over before sleep overtook him, and flies back again.

Again and again she loses, again and again she doubles, nay trebles, her stakes, only to see them swept away. All thoughts of home and honor are lost, and with a feverish haste she watches the board, and puts on the money recklessly.

At last she finds the pocket-book is empty all the return-money, all that they have to take them home, is gone. She tears off her rings—ah! they are gone too! Her watch and chain follow; she looks wildly round for more.

Suddenly a little tottering figure crawls up to her, and clasps her round the knees with baby cries of pleasure at finding her.

Her child has crept after her; who knows by what instinct, and has found her—here!

All maternal feeling seems dead in her bosom; she catches up the child, noting half unconsciously the looks of admiration cast upon it, and seats her on the green cloth.

The board goes round; the cry of the croupier "Red wins," sounds far away in her ears—for the first time at Monte Carlo she has won.

A mingled roar of incredulity, congratulation and amazement fills her ears as the croupier, aided by the united strength of two or three assistants, rolls over to her thirty-six babies of all sizes, ages, and nationalities.

* * * * * *

Caroline opened her eyes with a cry of amazement, and found that the large green fan had fallen from her grasp, that her husband was gently shaking her by the shoulder, and that the bonne carrying the sleeping baby was standing by her chair.

The shadows were lengthening, and as she started to her feet with a sense of half-incredulous relief, a clock in the distance struck seven, and Captain Spencer said playfully:

"My dear Carrie, you have had a good sleep; we had to wake you, or we should be too late for dinner."

SARCASM generally takes its rise either from an ill will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed by an ostentation of wit, and vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world; or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

Scientific and Useful.

CEMENT FOR IRON AND STONE.—Glycerine and litharge stirred to a paste hardens rapidly, and makes a durable cement for iron upon iron, for two stone surfaces, and especially for fastening iron in stone. The cement is insoluble, and is not attacked by strong acids.

FROM DOG'S HAIR.—Among other curiosities at present on exhibition is a piece of stuff woven out of dog's hair. The stuff is brown in color, with a tricolor stripe on the margin, looks like rough tweed, but feels like good silk tissue, and must be very strong. A portrait of the dog, who supplied the textile, is also given, and enjoys popularity. A demand for dog's hair tissues has sprung up in consequence both for ladies dresses and waistcoats for foppish young men.

A NEW HURDLE.—A new hurdle, or iron fence, is designed to prevent climbing over. The top spikes are curved in opposite ways so as to form hooks which catch on the dress of any would-be trespasser. The fence is made of square or rounded bars, and sometimes the hooks are formed by dividing a bar at the top and turning the points to both sides. Ordinary iron fencing with spiked tops is by no means a sure preventive of climbing, and the new hurdle appears to be a decided yet simple improvement in this respect.

THE STORING OF OXYGEN.—One of the industries now followed in London is that of separating and storing oxygen from the atmosphere. This curious industry has an application in the maturing of spirits and the improvement of beer. This is far from being the only application of pure oxygen, for which the prices is good, but it is notable, and no doubt distillers and bonders will give heed to the discovery. It is said that the oxygen, in contact with the spirits, accomplishes in a few days what is done by from three to five years by nature.

STEEL SPIKES.—A series of experiments were recently tried in the manufacture of steel railroad spikes. The object is to make a finished article by rolling the bar so that its width will be the length of a spike and in such a shape that the spikes may be cut from it with shears, pretty much as a cut nail is made, except that the head is formed in the rolling process. The first test was made by running through some steel rails that had been slowly heated for two and a half hours. The result was fairly successful, and it is thought that a few changes in the rolls will make the operation entirely satisfactory. Should the scheme be successful it will work a revolution in the cost and manner of making railroad spikes.

Farm and Garden.

FENCE POSTS.—There is nothing to prevent the growing of trees for fence posts. Pear trees, grown on the line intended for a fence, will not be injured if the staples for holding a wire fence are driven into them, and such a fence combines usefulness and profit.

BUILDING.—In building barns, stables, or outhouses of any kind that are not plastered, the use of stiff building paper under the boards or siding will add greatly to the warmth of the building in winter. The cost will be a trifle compared with the advantages secured.

CORN-CRIBS.—Corn cribs should not only be rat-proof but water-proof. There should be some protection on the sides, as the openings for the admission of air also admit rain if the winds are high. When corn becomes wet it is injured, and drying will not then be of advantage.

FERTILITY.—It is not profitable to abandon a piece of land because it is not fertile. Raise sheep on it, and endeavor to bring it back to a condition to admit of the growth of some kind of crop which may be plowed under. Sheep and the turning under of green manurial crops will restore any piece of land to fertility.

THE PROFITS.—It may require several years to derive the largest profit from a farm. Farming is slow business, and although the work is supposed to extend over one entire year, yet a whole year's work may be but a beginning. A colt or a calf acquires several years to mature, and pastures do not pay for several years from seeding.

THE DAIRY.—Without a good, all glass, dairy thermometer there is so much guesswork that in winter at least, you are sure to run afoul of that rocky question: "Why doesn't the butter come?" It is sufficient to say here that one reason why it doesn't come is because the temperature of the cream is not right. The thermometer will tell you in a much better and cleaner way than your finger.

FEEDING.—In feeding swine a great deal depends upon the way they are fed as well as upon the food. Hogs are gluttons and use no moderation in taking food, particularly at first. Indigestion is a common trouble among hogs and an expensive one to the owner. Feed at first slops and light food, like meal, corn, soaked corn, etc., after the first has been consumed and the appetite partially satisfied. More time will be taken, more chewing done and better results produced.

IT IS a good divine that follows his own instructions. We can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own teaching.

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Matter and Method.

The question "How are we to read?" is intimately linked with the equally wide and important one, "What are we to read?"

They act and react upon each other, the one is not complete without the other; for, even when our learned men have come to a satisfactory conclusion as to what we are to read if we want to grow wiser and better, it becomes evident at once that some method is necessary for enabling us to get the greatest benefit from it.

Locke's advice to students—those who are already somewhat advanced—amounts to this: Reading is nothing more than a process of furnishing us with ideas, and sometimes facts, which we are bound to ruminate over in order to gain knowledge. We must bind ourselves down to think over and carefully review what we have read. This method, he tells us, of gauging the depth and value of the knowledge imparted to us will only be burdensome at first; it is a habit easily acquired, and, when we have accustomed ourselves to it, gives us a grasp of mind which enables us to form an opinion on a subject with facility, rapidity and reality.

"The motions and views of a mind exercised that way," says Locke, "are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another and make out in an entire and gradual deduction."

Our daily experience shows us the truth of this, if we only observe and reflect.

Unfortunately men work themselves into such a feverish condition that they become mere machines; reflection becomes positively painful to many, as solitude is maddening. Yet intellectual health without occasional solitude is an impossibility.

Carlyle, on the other hand, advises young students to read much, but with care; he classes books and papers "like men's souls—some are goats, others sheep."

Still, "Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly—if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable: 'Read what you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good by it."

Thus, within certain limits, we must be our own guides, being content to read what is good.

Now all this arguing and putting forth of plans, and harping upon generalities must, it would seem, perforce be reduced to this: our reading, our study—for the two should be synonymous—should be divided into two periods; during the first we are under tutelage, and must read what is set before us, and lay down the foundation for our great and real work.

During this period, say some, and we cordially agree with them, we must imbibe much knowledge without, at the time, being able to distinctly understand all we learn. Indeed, with our present system of education, this must assume great proportions.

Yet the curriculum must be got through. In a good private education a more rational and reasoning method of teaching is practicable.

Still, there is always a certain time for which, and there are many subjects which a child must learn parrot-wise, whatever system of education be adopted.

Between this stage and the second there is a transient state, probably the most important of all, when the young man is feeling his way and endeavoring to walk alone; here and now a careful guiding hand, neither too strict nor too easy, will be of immense value, for the taste is now being formed, and, perhaps, the whole future career depends upon the direction in which the taste of the disciple is led and confirmed.

A good man or woman is a sufficient guide during the preliminary stage; a very wise man is necessary during the second. For, from this transient state we emerge into manhood, when we must choose for ourselves, and according to our capacity and the constitution of our mind.

We may do too little or too much, read wisely or foolishly, for the steering of our course is a difficult matter, and the success of our voyage through the shoals and quicksands of literature depends greatly upon our primary and secondary instruction or training.

What is absolutely certain is, that he who allows his mind to lie fallow—unemployed in rational reflection, is grievously at fault.

We cannot all be very wise, great philosophers and sages, but we all can and should lay in a certain loading of learning and wisdom, and it concerns us vitally to ascertain our capacity, and forthwith fall to work and gather in our lading.

EVERY period of life has its peculiar temptations and dangers. But youth is the time when we are the most likely to be ensnared. This, pre eminently, is the forming, fixing period the spring season of disposition and habit; and it is during this season, more than any other, that the character assumes its permanent shape and color, and the young are wont to take their course for time and for eternity.

A MAN in old age is like a sword in a shop window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed. Man is a sword, daily life is the workshop, and God is the artificer; and those cares which beat upon the anvil, and file the edge, and eat in, acid like, the inscription upon the hilt, these are the very things that fashion the man.

MAN was sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force. The world was spread out around him to be seized and conquered. Realms of infinite truth burst open above him, inviting him to tread those shining coasts along which Newton dropped his plummet and Herschel sailed—a Columbus of the skies.

REFORM, like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressibly, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion; spreading, in geometric ratio, far and wide; doing good only, wherever it spreads, and not evil.

THE record of life runs thus: Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him, thence to be watched and cared for.

THE best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.

GREAT merit or great failings will make you respected or despised; but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked, in the general run of the world. Examine yourself, why you like such and such people, and dislike such and such others, and you will find that those different sentiments proceed from very slight causes.

IN mortals there is a care for trifles which proceeds from love and conscience, and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base. And so, also, there is a gravity proceeding from thought, which is most noble; and a gravity proceeding from dulness and mere incapability of enjoyment, which is most base.

HE that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue in its place; otherwise he will have his labor to renew. A strong soil that has produced weeds may be made to produce wheat with much less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

IT is easier to polish the manners than to reform the heart, to disguise a fault than to conquer it. He who can venture to appear as he is must be what he ought to be, a difficult and arduous task, which often requires the sacrifice of many a darling inclination and the exertion of many a painful effort.

OMIT a few of the most abstruse sciences, and mankind's study of man occupies nearly the whole field of literature. The burden of history is what man has been; of law, what he does; of physiology, what he is; of ethics, what he ought to be; of revelation, what he shall be.

RELIGION, in its purity, is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather it is a temper, leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self, and benevolence to men.

NATURE has made us passive, and to suffer is our lot. While we are in the flesh every man has his chain and clog; only it is looser and lighter to one man than to another, and he is more at ease who takes it up and carries it than he who drags it.

PRIDE, ill-nature and want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners. Without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

MALICE is the Devil's picture. Lust makes men brutish, and malice makes them devilish. Malice is mental murder; you may kill a man and never touch him. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

GOOD manners are the settled medium of social, as specie is of commercial, life. Returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.

A BETTER principle than this, that "the majority shall rule," is this other, that justice shall rule. "Justice," says the Code of Justinian, "is the constant and perpetual desire to render every man his due."

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in reference to greater affairs.

YOUTH, enthusiasm and tenderness are like the days of spring. Instead of complaining, O my heart, of their brief duration, try to enjoy them.

SUFFERING becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

TRUE glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.

HE who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

The World's Happenings.

Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.

Vassar Hospital, at Poughkeepsie, has 8 patients and 13 doctors.

The postmaster of Yorktown, N. Y., has held that office for 48 years.

The Prince of Wales has engagements booked for every day of 1889.

English people bought over 600,000 barrels of American apples last year.

Of 26,000 criminals arrested in Paris, 16,000 had not attained the age of 20.

Of the 198 members of the Illinois Legislature 128 were born outside the State.

After a courtship of 25 years a Todd county, Ky., couple have got married.

A Chicago advertiser sets forth that he has a diamond ring to exchange for coal.

"A clothes pin trust," to put up the price of clothes-pins and wash-boards, is the latest.

The Jamaica "Ginger" is the name of a new weekly paper about to be started at Jamaica, Vt.

Not a single baby has been born in Liberty, Ky., for 12 years. Liberty has a population of 700.

"Keep to your left!" is a sign to be found on all French highways as a caution to drivers.

A wealthy farmer, near Elkhart, Ind., hanged himself recently because of the death of his favorite dog.

Parson Squills, of Florida, dreamed that he was a horse, and kicked his bedstead to pieces with his heels.

The prison on Deer Island, Boston harbor, was so crowded that 150 of the better behaved inmates were pardoned.

Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington Society.

A Frenchman spent 10 years of his life to invent a noiseless clock, and when he had succeeded nobody would buy it.

Ladies carried sunshades in the streets of Montreal one day recently. The next day there was a drop to 10 degrees below zero.

A tramp, killed by an engine at Venice, Ill., had on 12 shirts, 6 pairs of drawers and 3 pairs of pantaloons. He had $85 in his pockets.

A California clergyman lately went crazy while preaching, and descending from the pulpit threw books and chairs among the congregation.

Cincinnati has a "college" which turns out "doctors" in five weeks. It teaches "vitapathy." About 200 M. D.'s have been graduated to date.

A deformed "newsboy," who died in St. Louis recently, left money and securities amounting to $23,000. He was 36, and had sold papers for 25 years.

A Chinese paper tells of a monkey that extinguished a fire by emptying the contents of a teapot on the flames, which were rapidly consuming a curtain.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 30,000,000 die every year, 91,324 every day, 3,730 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second.

Captain Frink, of South Windham, Me., who has been almost totally deaf for nearly two years, during a violent sneezing attack a few days ago regained his hearing.

A woman 102 years old arrived at Biddeford, Maine, over the Grand Trunk from Canada the other day, with her husband, aged 80. She could speak English, French and Irish.

The progress of electricity as a railway motive power is indicated by the fact that there are now in America 32 electric street railways in operation, and 47 constructing or under contract.

The Council of Pratt City, Kan., has passed an ordinance requiring all law breakers to work out the fines imposed upon them on the streets and alleys of the city, at the rate of $1 a day.

The colored washerwomen of Albany, Ga., have served notice upon Chung Lee, a Chinese laundryman who arrived there, that he must leave the city at once. A year ago they drove a couple of Chinese laundrymen out of the city by force.

Edward Shannon, of Pittsfield, Mass., celebrated his 100th birthday recently by giving a party to his 3 daughters, 17 grandchildren and 1 great-grandchildren. The old gentleman danced a jig with his eldest daughter and sang several songs.

A millionaire named Tagielbei, who died recently at Milan, bequeathed the sum of 30,000 francs to the street-sweepers of that town, on condition that they would all go to his funeral in their working clothes. In his youth he had himself been a street-sweeper.

A gentleman who tried to get some gold dollars recently, to give to some little friends, was unable to secure them at any of the banks. The teller of one bank said they were practically out of circulation. He finally obtained them from a money broker at an advance of 30 cents a piece.

A Spiritualistic medium in New Hampshire has added another to the numerous wrong guesses of people in her business. She declared that the body of a missing Hampton Falls, N. H., farmer was in a hole in the river, but it was found at the top of a tree. He chained himself to the tree and then committed suicide.

A cat owned by a farmer who lives near Norwich, Conn., has developed a fancy for stealing clothes-pins. While the animal is never known to touch clothes-pins of its owner, it brings home all it can find lying round loose in the neighbors' yards. Within the last three months 72 dozen have been brought home in this way.

THE GAUNTLET OF SILENCE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

You have flung me the gauntlet of Silence!
So be it, I accept your decree;
The stillness by me shall be broken
Not e'en in eternity.

Tho' you should regret and be sorry
That you treated me cruelly,
I would take no word of repentance—
It means "to the death" with me.]

You have flung me the gauntlet of Silence:
You were deaf when I pleaded to you;
And now I've accepted your challenge,
For time and eternity too.

The Mountsea Mystery.

BY F. J. C.

BROWN and I had been at school together, and in due course we both started in the world—he in a bank, I in "the study and practice of the law." I think I may conscientiously say that I stuck fairly well to my work and in due course struggled through the "Pass examination at the Institute."

On the strength of this I felt more than justified in taking a holiday, and it struck me that Brown was the man with whom I should like to spend it, provided he could renounce the bank for a season.

By a great stroke of luck, he managed to fit in his leave to suit mine, and everything was arranged, except the comparatively unimportent item of where we were to go.

I really did not care whether I went inland or to the sea, and boldly said so when talking the matter over one day. Whereupon Brown, in that decisive way of his, said:

"I tell you what it is, Charteris: we'll go down to Mountsea."

Now Mountsea is a most excellent spot in many ways.

Amongst other advantages it possesses the great charm of being very little known and, consequently, inexpensive.

"All right," I replied, glad to have my mind made up for me. And in due course we found ourselves comfortably settled in the quaint little inn of Mountsea.

There is no station at Mountsea.

You and your goods and chattels (unless you prefer a walk) are brought from Orfield—the nearest point to which the railway goes—by a sort of glorified market cart, drawn by an interesting old relic once believed to have been of the horse tribe, but whose semblance of that noble genus has been well-nigh effaced by the hand of Time.

The driver, at the period I write of, was an equal curiosity.

His age was undoubted, but the date of his birth was shrouded in mystery. People say something about the nineties; but even if he knew himself he never told a soul.

Brown and I used to go down sometimes in the evening and smoke a pipe with old Vickers, and many a strange yarn of his early days did he spin for our especial benefit.

He had lost an arm in the service, and had some small pension on which he lived in a cottage at the extreme outskirts of the little village.

A widowed daughter lived with him, and assisted the domestic exchequer by taking in washing: so that altogether the old man was able to exist comfortably.

Well, time passed pleasantly enough down at Mountsea.

We were both fond of swimming, and the walks in the neighborhood were lovely; though, as may be supposed, the excitements were few, being limited to the drawing in of the nets in the afternoon and the arrival of the papers.

Nearly every evening there was held a solemn Tobacco Parliament in the bar-parlor of the "Sea Horse," where we were staying and the events of the past two or three days were discussed with, occasionally, no little warmth—for party feeling ran high, and the affairs of the nation troubled the local mind considerably.

But yet there was another attraction at Mountsea. The Vicar, Mr. Carruthers, was a connection of Brown's.

He was of a quiet and retiring disposition and since his wife's death, some years before, had lived in almost absolute seclusion with his only daughter, Dora.

Both Mr. Carruthers and his daughter were most kind and always hospitable to everybody.

Visitors were rare in those parts, which may, to some extent, account for the warmth of our reception.

We were at their house a good deal, and met there with such society as the little village afforded.

Mr. Carruthers' only sister, an aged and somewhat eccentric lady, lived, with an old housekeeper as her only servant and companion, at a large old-fashioned house, known as "The Laurels," standing by itself rather away from the village in the midst of a regular wilderness of a beautiful and imposing garden.

Old Mrs. Jevons never left the house, but either her brother or her niece spent an hour or two with her every day.

Mrs. Corfe, her housekeeper, was the widow of a coastguardsman, and had lived with her mistress for a very long time. She was a woman of about fifty years of age, and lived as retired life as Mrs. Jevons herself.

She was a tall, thin, gaunt individual of a somewhat austere countenance, with grey hair. She had a rather anxious look about her at times, and this was attributed to the fact that her only son, Simeon, was a ne'er-do-well, who had run away to sea when quite a boy.

He often visited Mountsea and spent all his time whilst there in lounging about the village, generally in the region of the "Sea Horse."

It was rumored among the gossippers that he was in some way connected with a band of smugglers, who were occasionally heard of in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Jevons had no other relatives excepting a rackety young nephew, supposed to be her prospective heir.

Apart from his extravagant habits or perhaps on account of them—for he was generous with his money, when he had any—he was very popular in the village, but never stayed with his aunt.

He appeared in a meteoric manner from time to time, stayed two or three days at the "Sea Horse," and then disappeared as suddenly as he had arrived.

Presumably his visits were not made from pure affection; for, though he always spoke very highly of his aunt, he shrewdly suspected that his regard for her and desire to see her were tempered with more sordid considerations, judging from the remarks he made when chatting over a pipe one evening with Brown and myself.

Indeed, we gathered that he and his aunt had had high words on the subject of his reckless expenditure that very day, though their differences were not of so serious a nature as, in his opinion, to imperil his prospects in that quarter.

I did not associate so much with him as Brown did, for whenever I could obtain a reasonable pretext (and, I fear, often when I could not) I used to run up to the Vicarage; for the charm of Miss Carruthers' society was not to be resisted.

I was passionately fond of music, and Miss Carruthers had an exquisite voice; one of those naturally sympathetic voices which to me are far sweeter than those of your most cultivated artificial melody singers.

I could conceive no greater pleasure than to sit in the half-light of that low, old-fashioned room, listening, spell-bound, to that sweet voice which thrilled me as no music ever did before or has since.

My classical lore, never extensive, had become very rusty; but Mr. Carruthers had devoted a great part of his leisure to literature; more particularly to Latin; and poor as my abilities were, it seemed to gratify him to chat over his pet subject with someone who, like myself, knew even a little about it.

I did not, strange though it may seem, realise that I was gradually but surely falling in love with Miss Carruthers.

I tried in a feeble way to persuade myself that it was mainly to enjoy the intellectual pleasure of Mr. Carruthers' society and the charms of music that I went so often to the Vicarage.

One day, Brown and I were returning, late in the afternoon, from a fishing excursion when, just at the outskirts of the village, we saw Charlie Harcourt, Mrs. Jevons' nephew, talking to old Vickers, whom he left directly he caught sight of us.

As he came toward us I was struck by his haggard and careworn look, and remarked upon it.

"Yes," said he, "I have had a good deal of worry lately. Money, as usual, is scarce. In fact, I'm in a dilemma just now and don't see my way out of it."

I did not care to question him as to his private affairs, thinking that if he wished to tell us anything or ask our advice, he would do so. For though Harcourt was always friendly, he was not as a rule communicative as to the nature of his difficulties, and confided himself generally to references to their existence.

We walked along in silence for some time, and then Harcourt suddenly broke out:

"I don't know that you fellows can help me, but I think you would, if you had it in your power. I've been a fool, but it's not entirely my fault. Some months since I was at a friend's chambers in town one evening, and we were playing cards in a modest way. It was getting rather late, and Harman, our host, said: 'Well, you men, I'm thinking of turning in as I have a case on early to morrow. But don't give upon my account—Harcourt will look after you.' Just as he was leaving the room, a knock came to the door and we heard him say: 'Desanges! who ever thought of seeing you! Come in and let us have a look at you. Where have you been hiding yourself all these months?' Harman thereupon ushered in a tall, dark, rather handsome man, looking like a foreigner, but who spoke English without a trace of accent, and introduced him to the party. 'Perhaps you'd like to join in?' said Harman, and the visitor assented. 'Under the circumstances,' he added, 'I must not tear myself away.' We resumed our game, finally leaving somewhere in the small hours. I found my way lay in the same direction as Desanges, so we strolled along together He seemed to have taken rather a fancy to me and we separated with a promise on my part that I would come and see him. I am sorry that I ever did so; for though personally I have always liked him, my present embarrassements are owing to that unfortunate introduction. I saw a good deal of Desanges and, at his instance, foolishly allowed myself to be put up for his club, where play was very high. I never was a gambler, but I liked cards and used to be there night after night. Desanges himself rarely played high, nor did I at first: but thinking to recoup myself for some trifling losses, I plunged a little, and so went from bad to worse, until I am now heavily in debt, with no earthly prospect of being able to pay my I O U's—to say nothing of my bills—excepting for my aunt. She doesn't know the cause of my difficulties, but I have asked her again and again for money, until she told me, when I last made an appeal to her, that it must be a final one and that she neither could nor would afford me any further assistance. This was only what I might expect, but my necessities compel me, and I am come to make a last attempt, for I am driven to desperation. If she won't help me, there is only one alternative before me; for I cannot go on as I am."

We tried to cheer him, but it was of little use, and as he left us he said "Well, I daresay the next time we meet it will be at my own inquest, if I can't manage to tide over this difficulty. If I do, I swear I'll never touch a card again."

From what Harcourt told us, it did not seem as though things were so serious as he imagined, for his more pressing debts only amounted to some two or three hundred dollars. Still he appeared to have exhausted every source, for neither Brown nor myself had either the means or inclination to advance him the money.

Knowing how fond his aunt was of him, we concluded he was taking too gloomy a view of the position, and made sure that he would be able to overcome her determination, as this was to be positively the last time he meant to trouble her.

I think he had quite determined to settle down to work at his profession—that of an engineer—at which he was really clever; for his experiences of the last few months had been such as to turn him against cards.

So we thought no more about the matter, and after dinner strolled down to the beach, where we sat and smoked, watching the broad track of silver moonlight stretching away to the horizon, and the bright beams from the lighthouse, which we could just discern far along the coast, until I, at least, felt myself becoming quite sentimental.

However, it presently became rather prosaically chilly, so we turned our footsteps towards home.

As we drew near the "Sea Horse," we saw quite an imposing crowd at the door, a most unusual sight at that hour of the evening.

There was evidently some cause of excitement afoot, and we were not long in learning the facts.

Stated briefly, though, as may be supposed, there was a good deal of conflicting evidence about the details, some person or persons had entered Mrs. Jevons' house, and had made off with a considerable sum of money, leaving the old lady in a very dangerous condition.

She had been found by her house-keeper lying on her sitting-room floor with a very severe wound in the head and perfectly unconscious.

Her desk, which was known to have contained a large sum in notes, had been burst open and the whole of the money had been abstracted.

Brown and I looked at each other and were silent. I don't think either of us accused Harcourt of having committed such an outrage; but knowing what we did, the thought, not unnaturally, passed simultaneously through our minds, and we hastened at once to make further and more certain inquiries.

We knew the doctor slightly, having met him at Mr. Carruthers' house two or three times, and on our way to the vicarage we encountered him.

The doctor confirmed the story we had heard, and informed us that though he had slight hopes of Mrs. Jevons' recovery, it would be some time before she would be able to speak of what had occured.

In fact, he feared, from the nature of the injury, that it might be months, for an attack of brain fever was imminent at any moment.

As I have explained, the only other occupant of the house was Mrs. Corfe, the old housekeeper, and she, from what we could gather, was in her own room, quite away from the scene of the crime at the time it must have happened.

The robber, or robbers, doubtless effected their entry by the back of the house, through a French window leading on to the lawn, close to which it was Mrs. Jevons' custom to sit through the long summer evenings.

The night being very warm, she had presumably left the window open; and the generally accepted theory was that she had been sitting, as usual, in her arm-chair when the thieves arrived, and they, in order to avoid being disturbed, had taken the rough and ready way of knocking the poor lady on the head.

The crime, so it was reported, had been discovered by Mrs. Corfe going into the room, as was her habit, to inquire if her mistress required anything before going to bed.

Immediately upon the discovery of the outrage the police had, of course, been sent for, and after a preliminary survey of the premises, a detective was telegraphed for: the local talent being considered scarcely equal to so important an inquiry.

By the early train next morning, Mr. Joseph Winter of the Metropolitan Police Force arrived.

Now this gentleman was by no means an ordinary individual. No one would have taken him for a member of his distinguished profession, for he, so far as appearances went, in no respect carried out the traditions of that branch of the force of which he was so bright an ornament.

He was rather below the average height, and with his ruddy color and jovial manner looked far more like a well-to-do farmer than a detective. But there the resemblance ceased. For when you looked more closely at him, there was evident a quiet confidence in his own powers: and you felt, almost indescribably, that here was a man of keen observation of human nature, and one who could read your very thoughts almost before they took shape in your mind.

On his arrival, he proceeded to the "Sea Horse," where he had a hasty meal, during which he chatted with the landlord—a very communicative man—whose endeavors to find out who his guest was were wholly unsuccessful. After many fruitless attempts, the worthy host broke out at length:

"But may be you'll be down here for the fishing, sir? There's a lot of gentlemen come to stop at this house for that; and though I says it, I know every inch of the neighborhood, and can tell you the best streams better than anybody. Why, there was a gentleman staying here last week as took a three-and-half-pound trout out of Squire Benham's lower stream; and they do say as there's a fish there as scales nigh ten pounds only a-waitin' for some one to offer him a fly to his liking."

"Fishing's all very well for those with time and opportunity, but I'm a busy man just now, Mr. Landlord, and can't manage it. Still, if you'll have a nice half-pounder for my breakfast to morrow, I won't say but what I'll undertake to make it look pretty foolish before I get through with him."

"Well, sir, I'll see what I can do for you. There's a sight of fish in poor Mrs. Jevons' ground. But there—the place is in such an upset after last night."

"Why, what's happened there?" enquired Mr. Winter.

"Law bless me, sir!—But of course you couldn't know, though. Why, they found the old lady lying on her own sitting-room floor, more than half dead, and thousands of dollars in bank notes taken out of her desk."

"Well, and do they know or suspect who's done it?"

"No, sir; no. The police down here don't

seem to have many ideas about it; and they've been and shut up the rooms, so they say, a waitin' for a detective from the city.

"But, you know, he won't get here till to-morrow, I don't expect, and by that time the thieves 'll have got off, if they haven't already. Now, between me and you, sir, there was a young man down here yesterday, as is the nephew of old Mrs. Jevons, and he was awfully hard up, as I knows myself, and I have heard it said as how as he aint wholly unconnected with this business—but there ain't no proof whatsoever against him as I knows of."

"And is he here now?" asked Mr. Winter finishing his last mouthful.

"No, sir; no. Nobody's seen anything of him since about nine o'clock last night."

"Well, good morning, landlord. I've got some things to see to in the village, so I must be off."

With these words Mr. Winter rose, and putting on his hat started off for the Laurels.

When he arrived, there were still a good many loiterers trying to get a glimpse of the premises, which were, however, jealously guarded by the police.

He soon obtained an entrance, and proceeded to inspect the apartment in which the outrage had been committed.

This had been left exactly as it had been found, and the policeman in charge explained to Mr. Winter the way in which Mrs. Jevons had been discovered.

"Well, now," said Winter, "I must examine the place thoroughly. First, let us look outside the window. You say that this was found open?"

"Just so; and we can see slight marks of a man's foot outside, although the ground is rather hard."

"Very good," said Winter, after he had examined the almost imperceptible footprints; "now let us look inside again. The desk was found like this, burst open, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and this knife we found on the floor was evidently used to do it with, as it fits these marks exactly."

Mr. Winter quietly put the knife in his pocket.

"Now," said he, "let us look at the desk. Here are some account books. Ha! what is this? Here is an entry showing that she must have had nearly $1,700 in the desk, for the receipt of the amount is only dated the day before yesterday, unless she had sent it over to the bank at Orfield, which we can easily ascertain. However, there is nothing more of any importance in that. H'm! here is a pocketbook. Let's look through this. Well," said he, after glancing into it and slipping it into his pocket, "we'll look through that presently."

Anyone acquainted with Winter's method of procedure would have readily inferred he had seen something of unusual significance in this pocket-book.

"Come," said he, suddenly turning the subject, "with what implement do you suppose the blow was struck?"

"There is the difficulty," said Jones, the policeman. "So far as we have seen, there is nothing in the room with which it can have been done."

"Well, and what does the doctor say about the wound?"

"I have not heard yet."

"Never mind," said Winter. "Let's see what else is to be found."

There were several drawers and cupboards open, and their contents scattered about, though nothing else seemed to have been taken; for some silver spoons in one of the sideboard drawers had been left; so that it was clear that the object of the robbers had been to obtain ready money.

When Winter had taken notes of everything they had found, they were leaving the room, when they encountered the doctor coming down the stairs.

"Can you spare me a moment, sir?" asked the detective. "My name is Winter, and I have just come down from Scotland Yard to investigate this business."

"Certainly," replied the doctor. "Shall we go in here?" indicating the door of the dining-room. When they had entered, Winter began:

"Now, sir, may I ask if you can form any opinion as to how the blow was struck?"

"As far as I can see, it must have been inflicted with some blunt weapon, most likely a stick, or the butt end of a revolver.

"The blow must have been repeated, for there are three distinct wounds, either of which would have been sufficient to cause insensibility; and although I do not think her life is in immediate danger, the shock to a lady of that age—she is nearly eighty—has been very serious. I think that it would be injurious, and possibly fatal, to question her at present. She is just conscious of what is going on, but has not spoken yet, and I am afraid that the slightest excitement might produce a fatal result."

The interview ended and Winter started off for the village telegraph office.

On his way back, he entered the grounds of the Laurels through the shrubbery at the bottom of the garden just as I had called to inquire how Mrs. Jevons was progressing.

Brown, unfortunately, had been obliged to return to town that morning, much against his inclination, but he begged me to keep him informed of all the events which were taking place at Mountsea.

As I was turning to go down the steps, Winter made his appearance, and although I had not seen him before, I at once, knowing that a detective had arrived, concluded that it was he.

My curiosity was aroused by observing that he carried a peculiar stick in his hand, one which belonged to Harcourt, and which I had frequently noticed in his possession. I, perhaps rather abruptly, addressed him.

"Excuse me, sir, but may I ask where you found that stick? I believe it belongs to a friend of mine."

"Indeed," says he. "It seems rather too valuable to be lying about in a shrubbery. I should advise your friend to take more care of it in future. Would you mind telling me his name?"

"Not at all. Charles Harcourt. He is a nephew of Mrs. Jevons', and though I am not very intimate with him, I have met him pretty frequently in the last few weeks. By-the-by, am I right in assuming that you are from the city."

"Quite right, sir. I suppose you are a friend of the family and may be able to render some assistance in clearing up this mystery."

"My name is Arthur Charteris," I replied. "I know Mrs. Jevons slightly, and need not add that my services, such as they are, are at your disposal."

"Thank you, sir," returned he. "Would you mind telling me when and where you last saw this Mr. Harcourt, and under what circumstances?"

I thereupon gave him an account of the conversation which Brown and I had with Harcourt the previous evening, to which he listened very attentively, occasionally putting a pertinent question.

"Well," said I, when I had finished, "you don't think him capable of such a crime, surely?"

"I don't know yet what to think, my dear sir, but there is a good deal in what I have heard to make me very anxious to see this young man. Do you know where he is?"

"Nothing, as far as I know, has been seen or heard of him since he left me last night; but I've no doubt he went back to town by the night mail after leaving this house, for I know he wished to return as soon as possible. Poor fellow! How this terrible news will upset him."

"I expect it will," said Winter sententiously. "Do you see the knot of this stick," handing it to me as he spoke.

I started, for it bore a dark red stain. Looking full at Winter, I saw what was passing through his mind.

"Blood," said he. "There's not a doubt about it, and I don't think we need search very far to find out whose it is. The blow, there can be little doubt, was struck with this stick. Will you walk down with me to the doctor's? He will settle the point at once."

"By all means," said I; and we soon found ourselves in his surgery. He confirmed our suspicions, and Winter and I returned to the inn.

"What are you going to do next?" I inquired. "Wire off description of Harcourt to Scotland Yard, I suppose?"

"Yes, if I knew he was in London. I think you said you didn't know his address?"

"Unfortunately I don't, though I can of course obtain it from the Vicar. But if he went up by the night mail, which is pretty certain, if he went at all, old Vickers must have driven him over to Orfield. I'll go over and see him at once."

"Very well," returned Winter, "we'll go on and interview him after leaving the telegraph office."

We found old Vickers diligently hoeing potatoes in his little strip of garden, and at once learnt from him that, as we had expected, he had driven Harcourt across to the station late the night before.

On further inquiry we elicited the information that he had been the only passenger from Orfield, and had paid the old man handsomely for his trouble.

There was nothing more to be learnt from him, except that Harcourt had been very anxious to be in time for the train, and that he had joined old Vickers at the cross roads just beyond the Laurels in a state of great agitation.

As we were returning to the "Sea Horse" we were met by the telegraph boy, who handed Winter a telegram, which he hastily opened.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is better than I had anticipated."

"Well, but they cannot have had time to arrest Harcourt yet?" I said.

"No; but do you know that in searching Mrs. Jevons' desk this morning, I came across this note-book," producing one from his pocket, "which contains a memorandum of the numbers of the notes, paid to her only the day before yesterday by a farmer in the neighborhood, in discharge of a mortgage. I telegraphed at once to stop the notes, and this message is to say that two of them for $100 each have been presented in London this morning."

"Do they know who presented them?"

"The telegram does not say, but I expect I shall hear again in the course of the day."

There was nothing further to be done now, so I turned my steps to the Vicarage, while Winter returned to the inn for some lunch.

At the Vicarage I found them much upset by last night's occurrences, as might be expected.

Miss Carruthers was very indignant that any shadow of suspicion should have fallen on Harcourt.

"For," said she, "he may be a little wild and thoughtless, and I know he is rather extravagant in his habits, but he could never have sunk to the level of a crime to obtain money."

I hastened to reassure her, adding that though some said that Harcourt was in some way connected with the outrage, I could see absolutely no real proof against him.

Still, as Mr. Carruthers said, to an outsider the circumstances were suspicious. I took tea with them, and after a stroll round the garden, left them, promising to let them know immediately, should any fresh details come to light.

On my return to the inn I found Winter standing at the door.

"Shall we take a stroll along the cliffs?" he asked. "I want a talk with you, and you may be able to give me some suggestions."

I felt flattered at being taken into his confidence, and we walked away together.

As soon as we were quite clear of the village Winter began:

"While you have been away I have been up to the Laurels and have seen Mrs. Corfe. Now between you and me there was something not quite straightforward about her manner when I questioned her, and I have an idea that she knows more about this business than she pretends to. She says that at about a quarter past seven, Harcourt called at the house, and went into Mrs. Jevons' sitting-room. She did not see him leave, as she was in her own room at the top of the house, and neither heard nor saw anything till about a quarter to ten, when she went into the sitting-room and found her mistress on the floor. I don't half like her manner, and we must watch her carefully. She cannot be interested in screening Harcourt, for from what I gather he was never a favorite of hers. Could she have been present when——"

Suddenly we looked at each other. The same thought occurred to us both at the same moment.

"Mrs. Corfe must have known that the money was in the house. Could she have done it? And yet here we have the presentation of these two notes this morning. There is something I can't quite fathom here yet. Well, let us get back; perhaps I shall find another telegram waiting for me."

As he had anticipated, there was one saying that the authorities had communicated with the customer, to whose account at the bank the notes had been paid, and found that he had received them from Harcourt, but they had hitherto been unable to discover the latter's whereabouts.

This threw an altogether different light on the matter; and reluctant as I was to believe Harcourt guilty, I felt that things now looked very black indeed for him.

However, nothing further could be done that night, and as I didn't wish to be inconveniently questioned at the Vicarage, I remained at the inn.

Next morning's post confirmed the two telegrams, and added that they were on the scent and hoped to arrest Harcourt in the course of the day. In fact, another telegram arrived just after, stating that they had found him and that he would be brought down to Orfield by the mid-day train.

Meanwhile, Winter's movements were most mysterious. He disappeared immediately after he had received the telegram, and I saw nothing further of him that day.

I am afraid that my desire to assist in the discovery of the authors of the outrage was not my only inducement to remain at Mountsea after Brown had left. The fact was I was determined to know the best or the worst with regard to Miss Carruthers. I had some letters to write during the morning and after lunch, as it was too early to go down to the Vicarage, I started off for a ramble along the cliffs.

I had not gone far when I saw in the distance a figure which seemed to me to bear a strong resemblance to that of Mr. Joseph Winter.

But whoever it was, he disappeared before I could come up with him, and I continued my walk in silence, pondering over the late strange events and trying to make up my mind to risk the fatal question.

On my return to the village, I took heart of grace and went up to the Vicarage, hoping for the best, but prepared for the worst. It was, perhaps, scarcely a fitting opportunity considering everything; but I thought I would risk it, as I had to return to town very shortly; and if poor Mrs. Jevons were to succumb to her injuries, as I feared, I might have to postpone matters indefinitely.

Why should I attempt to describe what has so often been told before, and will be again? The details, of course, vary in every case, but the general tenor of the proceedings is much the same.

I found both Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers at home, but the Vicar begged me to excuse him for half an hour, as he had some parish business to attend to. So I thoughtfully allowed him to retire to the congenial atmosphere of his study, with scarcely a feeling of regret.

I fancy Dora had some instinctive notion of what was coming for she did not appear utterly astonished when I proceeded to unbar the floodgates of my eloquence.

I think the astonishment was rather on my side, at the amount I had to say and the comparative ease with which I said it.

The ordeal was soon over; and, such is human nature, I wondered as my diffidence, and thought I would go through all the past weeks of doubt and anxiety ten times over, only to hear Dora tell me once again that she loved me.

I could not wait until the Vicar's return, so went and bearded the lion in his den. He received me most kindly, and I found, to my relief, that my proposal was one for which he was not wholly unprepared.

"I have not entirely lost my powers of preception," said he, with a kindly smile, "though I have spent most of my life in a country vicarage."

He gave his consent at once; and happily, having frequently talked over and consulted with him as to my position and prospects, I had no need to enter into prosaic details of ways and means.

I dined at the Vicarage that evening, and as it was getting dusk, Dora and I walked round the garden, building "castles in Spain," and indulging in all sorts of speculations about the future.

Whilst we were in the garden, a messenger arrived from the Laurels, saying that the doctor had been again, and had pronounced the old lady much worse. In fact, he now entertained no hopes of her recovery.

Mr. Carruthers and Dora immediately started to see her, and I went back to the inn. There I found a note from Winter, saying that he had gone over to Orfield to interview Harcourt, and would not be back that night; and if any telegram came for him, he begged me to open it, and let him know at once should it be anything of importance. With this responsibility on my shoulders, I felt that I could not stay far away, so I remained at the inn, reading.

At about half-past nine I received a message from Dora at the Laurels, saying that Mrs. Jevons had breathed her last about an hour ago, and that she (Dora) had "something dreadful" to tell me. Would I come up to the Laurels at once?

To this request I could only accede, and hurried thither in great anxiety.

I found her in tears, and she at once drew me into the dining-room, and shut the door.

"Oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed, "do you know what my aunt's last words were?"

Of course I did not.

"Just before her death;" she continued, "she recovered complete consciousness for a moment, and there, in the presence of my father, the doctor and Mrs. Corfe she murmured, 'Tell Charlie I forgive him.' Oh! isn't it dreadful!" and she burst out crying again.

I did my best to comfort her, and tried to assure her that Mrs Jevons' words probably had no reference to the crime: but in my heart I could not help feeling that this was only an additional link in the chain which was binding poor Harcourt.

I think Dora must have fully realised this, for, when we parted for the night, she was sadder than ever.

Next morning, Winter put in an appearance at the early hour of six, and told me that the Carruthers, Mrs. Corfe, old Vickers and myself would have to attend at the Orfield police station at eleven o'clock that morning.

I told him of Mrs. Jevons' death, and of her dying words, and to my great relief found that he did not consider it absolutely necessary that Dora should go over to Orfield.

I hastened to the Vicarage, but they were not up yet; so I left a note for Mr. Carruthers, begging him to bring Mrs. Corfe over to Orfield in old Vickers' cart, for I meant to walk with Winter.

After breakfast, the detective said he must see Mrs. Corfe for a few minutes, as he had some questions to ask her. So he walked up to the Laurels, and, on his return, we both started for Orfield.

I am not going to enter into the details of the magisterial inquiry which was held that morning.

Had not the law been my own profession, perhaps I might have delighted in wearying you with technical points, and giving you the proceedings verbatim.

But as it is, I will content myself with saying that the combined evidence of Mrs. Corfe (who, of course, must needs drag in poor Mrs. Jevons' dying words), old Vickers, the detective and my unwilling self—every jot of which told against poor Harcourt—was more than sufficient to authorise the magistrates in committing the prisoner for trial at the assizes, which were to be held in a fortnight's time.

It was a sad evening at Mountsea, as may well be supposed.

The two dreadful calamities—her aunt's death and her cousin's committal—well nigh overwhelmed poor Dora. I remained with her for a day or two till the funeral should take place.

We were a mournful party, for I could now feel much more the death of the old lady, owing to her being Dora's aunt.

The contents of the will surprised us all. Mrs. Jevons was much wealthier than had been supposed, and, with the exception of a small legacy to Mrs. Corfe; she left the whole of her property to be equally divided between her nephew, Charles Harcourt, and her niece, Dora Carruthers.

I returned to town the day after the funeral, and resumed my usual occupation; and so a week passed slowly by.

During the week I had twice called on Scotland Yard, and inquired for Winter. On the first occasion I was told he was at Portsmouth, and on the second at Dover.

My third attempt was on the day before Harcourt's trial was to come off, and this time I found him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed when he caught sight of me. "You're the very man I wanted. No time for explanations now. Go and pack your bag at once, and meet me at Waterloo at 4 23."

"Well, but what am I to ——"

"Go at once, I tell you, and don't waste time."

I knew that I should have to attend at the Leavenshire County Assizes on the following day; so without further parley, I jumped in a cab to do as I was bid. It was already half-past three, and I had no time to spare; but I just reached Waterloo in time, and Winter and I found ourselves alone in a carriage. When we had got clear of London, he unbosomed himself as follows:

"From the very first," he began, "I felt quite sure that Harcourt was innocent, for, if he had committed the crime, he wouldn't have thrown his stick away into the shrubbery, as it was a peculiar one, and would at once be recognised. How it got there I will presently explain to you. Then he knew the ways of the house, more or less, and would not have ransacked all those drawers and cupboards for nothing, but would have been content with the cash.

Nor, if he had stolen the notes, would he have been so utterly foolish as to put them into circulation so soon, and in the way almost certain to lead to detection.

"But my most conclusive point was a knife which was found on the floor; and with which the desk was forced open. It was a knife such as sailors always carry, and I didn't suppose for a moment that it belonged to Harcourt. You will see where this came from, all in good time. You may remember that two days after the murder I disappeared all day long. Well, that knife had given me an idea. I walked along the cliff as far as the coastguard's and questioned him. As I had expected; he had seen a small lugger waiting about off the coast in a suspicious manner, from 8 to 10 o'clock on the night of the murder."

"Do you know whose it was?" I asked him.

"'Well, no, not exactly; but I guessed young Corfe wasn't so far off.'

"'Young Corfe! Who's he?'

"'Oh, him? He's round here now and again, bringing brandy ashore, I'll warrant. He's Mrs. Corfe's son, up at the Laurels yonder.'

"Well, I got more out of the coastguard than I expected, and this last statement of his opened my eyes a good deal. From what I afterwards gathered from the coastguard, I made my way down the side of a ravine and found a cleft of the rock, which he had described to me. I scrambled in with some difficulty.

"It was a cave, evidently of considerable extent, as I could see even in the dim light. I proceeded some distance with the aid of a box of matches, and presently I saw a faint glimmer of daylight far ahead. To my astonishment when I reached this point the cave debouched into what looked like a well; and on examining it I found that it actually was an old well, and if you care to go there and climb up you will, perhaps, be surprised to find yourself in a remote corner of Mrs. Jevon's garden.

"If I had any doubt now, it was removed when, on the way out, I picked up on the floor of the cave a white silk handkerchief. It had evidently been used to bandage up somebody's arm or leg and it was stained with blood. In the corner were the initials H. J.—Harriet Jevons.

"Although I questioned Mrs. Corfe most closely, she asserted most positively that she hadn't seen her son lately and didn't know where he was. Still I had something to go on. I got a description of the lugger from a coastguard and of young Corfe from several people. I also learnt that he had been seen in the village, by one person at least, on the night of the murder. These descriptions I telegraphed off to most of the seaport towns along the whole South Coast.

"The result was that in a couple of days' time I had a telegram from Portsmouth saying that such a boat had arrived and such a man was on board. I went down at once, but the boat had slipped away the night before. One of the bank-notes, though worn, was presented in Portsmouth that day, and we traced it to a man answering to Corfe's description.

"The next day I heard of him at Dover, and I hurried thither accordingly. This time fortune favored me, and we captured him in a public house of no very reputable character. To my astonishment he confessed to the robbery, and though I showed him that we had a complete chain of evidence against him, I kept from him Mrs. Jevons' death and the fact that he would be charged with murder.

"It seems that he wanted money; and learning, when he went to see his mother at Mountsea, that Mrs. Jevons had a large amount in bank-notes in her house, he planned the robbery without any intention of doing bodily harm to old Mrs. Jevons.

"On his entering the sitting-room, however, she, in her fright, proceeded to scream to such an extent that, fearful of being disturbed, he snatched up a stick—Harcourt's, you know—which was lying on a chair close by, and administered the three blows on Mrs. Jevons' head, which proved fatal to her.

"Mrs. Corfe, hearing the screams, hurried down stairs, opened the door and entered the room just in time to see her son strike Mrs. Jevons to the ground. He exchanged some angry words with her, but she could do nothing to restrain him, and after rifling the drawers and cupboards, he espied the desk lying on the table, which he immediately proceeded to force open, in so doing which he cut his hand very badly.

"He felt confident that his mother would not reveal the fact that her own son was the author of the outrage, and so proceeded to escape by means of the well. With regard to Harcourt, it seems that his appeal for money was listened to, for he says his aunt gave him bank-notes for five hundred pounds, after upbraiding him for his extravagance, and on his vowing that this should be the very last time that he would ever come to her for money.

"By accident he left his stick behind, and then hurried off to meet old Vickers and drive over to Orfield. So now I think we have completed the job, and I expect we shall have very little trouble in getting Harcourt acquitted."

I had listened in astonishment to Winter's narrative, and was congratulating him on his success of his manœuvres, when the train drew up at Orfield.

Here Winter remained, and I drove over to Mountsea and hurried up to the Vicarage.

They were surprised to see me, and intensely gratified at the news I brought of the real murderer.

I stopped at the "Sea Horse" that night, and on the morrow we all drove over to Orfield, and took the train for Oxiter, the county town, where the assizes were to be held.

The result of the trial was as we expected.

Harcourt was acquitted, but it was a severe lesson to him; he paid a punishment which he well deserved. Mr. Simeon Corfe was afterwards tried on the charge of manslaughter, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

I have little more to add.

The following spring, Dora Carruthers became Dora Charteris, and we are now comfortably settled in the neighborhood of London. Mr. Carruthers, feeling that he was advancing in life, resigned his living at Mountsea and came to reside with us.

Mrs. Corfe disappeared from the neighborhood, and has not since been heard of.

Brown comes to dine with us occasionally. He, too, is married and lives not far off. Charlie Harcourt is still a bachelor, though a reformed one. He seems to prefer a single life, and has, so far as I know, rigidly kept his vow, for he will never take even a hand at whist when he comes to see us.

I see Mr. Winter now and again. He still shines in his profession, and has unravelled several far more complicated cases than the "Mountsea Mystery."

SOME BANK ROMANCES.

BANKING is not generally regarded as a romantic pursuit, nor is it so in the ordinary course of business, but inasmuch as its whole concern is with money, for which man will venture most things, it often marks the centre round which stories of love, ambition, robbery, and intrigue are built upon.

It was a love affair that gave rise to the firm of Jones, Loyd, & Co., now amalgamated with the London and Westminster Bank. Mr. Loyd was a dissenting minister in Manchester, and amongst the worshippers at his chapel was Mr. Jones, the banker and merchant.

Mr. Jones's daughter Mary fell in love with the preacher, and, fearing that her father's consent to their union could not be obtained, she agreed to a secret marriage.

After a time Mr. Jones became reconciled to the young people, and sent his son-in-law to London to start a branch of the banking business there.

This proved to be a wise step; Mr. Loyd made a most excellent banker, and for many years was at the head of what developed into one of the wealthiest banks in the country.

In 1844 Lewis Loyd purchased Overstone Park, near Northampton, where he resided until 1858. He bequeathed three millions of money, and his only son, Samuel Jones Loyd, was created Lord Overstone.

In the early years of banking houses of the Coutts, many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts, about 1700, married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter named Elizabeth Starkey, "in whom, with a handsome countenance and great good humor, were united many rustic virtues."

In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentle-woman, and brought up her three daughters so well that, with the help of their dowries, they were able to make most aristocratic alliances.

Sophia, the eldest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second became Countess of Guildford; and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute.

But Mrs. Coutts showed symptoms of brain derangement in her later years, and eventually died 1815. Three months afterwards, Thomas Coutts, then seventy-five years of age, married, as his second wife, the famous actress Harriet Mellon.

It was for her that Holly Lodge, on Highgate Hill, was bought and stocked with horses, carriages, and luxurious furniture.

Thomas Coutts died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property, as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house.

When, some time after, Mrs. Coutts became Duchess of St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands and at her death left it to Mr. Coutts' favorite grand-daughter, the present Baroness Burdett Coutts.

The romance connected with the once famous firm of Thellusson has been partly made use of by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities."

This bank had a very close relationship with Paris, many of its customers being French.

Peter Thellusson had belonged to the Paris firm of Tellusson and Necker; this Necker, first clerk and then a partner, being the great financial minister whose wife was the first love of Gibbon.

He migrated to London, and established a bank, which grew to vast proportions in connection with the Paris house.

Peter Thellusson's will was one of the most memorable documents ever drawn up. After leaving modest fortunes to his wife and sons and daughters, he directed his property to accumulate until their descendants should become, under certain conditions, the most opulent of private individuals. Failing such descendants, the money was to go to pay off the National Debt.

It has been explained, though with what amount of truth is not known, that the accumulation was partly intended to provide against the possibility of claims being made by the representatives of such of the bank's customers as had perished by the guillotine in Paris.

Had the original bequest been upheld the ultimate inheritor of it would have become the possessor of at least twenty millions. As it was, the lawyers wrangled over the enduring wealth for many years, and in the end an Act of Parliament was passed rendering such accumulations impossible in the future.

The Rothschilds have held the position of arbiters of war. The five sons of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the house spread themselves over Europe.

Anselm fixed his abode in Frankfort, Nathan settled in London, Solomon in Vienna, Charles in Naples, and James in Paris. By their combined operations they provided the "sinews of war" for the successive campaigns against Napoleon, and profited enormously thereby. Nathan's couriers generally outstripped the crown messengers.

He had a full day's exclusive news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba; and with early tidings of the results of the battle of Waterloo operated on 'Change with wonderful advantage. It is said that he made the enormous profit of four millions in a single day.

PRIMITIVE DOCTORING.

It used to be said that the march of civilization was always always going westward, probably it is, and that is the reason why so many habits and theories remain in the western counties of England, civilization not yet having driven them out.

Now and then the belief appears either in conversation or in police reports. But this credulity is not found only among the uneducated.

I think that a shoe of a horse or donkey would be found in the dairy of most farm houses which have been standing for fifty years. A necklace made of short lengths of woody-nightshade is often put on a child who has had fits to keep off all evil influences.

Witches and spirits are unwilling to pass over running water; this fact has been turned to account in this way: mercury by its fluidity is supposed to cheat a short-sighted spirit, so it is worn in a little bottle hung round the neck night and day.

Fifty or sixty years ago, the rector of a village near the town where the writer lives was famous as a witch-finder. We have never learnt what he did with his victims. We say victims because we suspect that cruelty and injustice has been done to many a poor old woman without any reason whatever except the malignity of their neighbors.

Townspeople are often troubled with sleeplessness. Fresh air and early hours are always soothing, so that those in the west are apt to be sleepy.

I once saw a farmer sitting out in his field on a three-legged milking-stool, with the pail between his knees, sound asleep. The cow had walked off, leaving him there with the rain pouring into his pail instead of milk.

A gentleman once gave me a curious instance of the survival of the old doctrine of "sympathy."

Price, a farmer who rented some of his land, had borrowed some hayforks from my friend, who had also fields which he farmed himself. Some careless person had placed a pitchfork—prong upward—against a haystack which was being made.

The farmer's son coming off the stack, slid down, instead of descending by the ladder in the usual way. He unfortunately struck his leg against one of the points of the fork, producing a nasty wound, which went on badly, and eventually caused him to keep his bed.

The landlord called at Price's house one morning to ask for the return of his pitchforks, and hearing of young Price's accident, offered to call upon his medical man and asked him go and see the injured person.

"No, sir," said the mother; "I won't trouble you; I think we can manage without the doctor."

And then she went on to say that all the hayforks should be returned at once except one, this being the one which had caused the accident.

This fork had been wrapped up with certain herbs and buried in the garden, that the wound might be healed through the influence of the herbs on the weapon which caused the wound.

It was a common thing in one district to see a pitchfork in a bedroom. This peculiar weapon was so popular because a robber had been wounded by one; and the two punctures of unmistakable shape, had led to the conviction of the criminal.

I knew an old farmer who was a doctor himself in a small way; for instance; he had his finger crushed; and it was so treated that the bone projected by the stump. This he took away by rubbing it down on the farmyard grindstone!

THE REASON WHY.—In Russia, the Government has recently assumed the monopoly of the match manufacture. Privately manufactured matches can no longer be sold; and, all competition having disappeared the obtainable matches are about as bad as can be imagined. The editor of a St. Petersburg paper, who had the temerity to publish the following, narrowly escaped imprisonment:

"Since the Government took over the match monopoly there has been a gratifying decrease of serious fires in the capital. This may be attributed, we believe, not so much to the heavy duty which has been imposed on matches as to the fact that the matches will not burn."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Emperor of Russia has just decorated and rewarded a private soldier whose fidelity to his duty recalls the stories of the Roman sentinels who perished in the ruins of Pompeii. When the recent earthquake destroyed a small Russian town in Central Asia this soldier was on duty in the military treasury. Although the houses were crashing around him, he faithfully stood motionless, waiting death. The only sign which he showed that he appreciated his situation was the fact that he raised his hands as soldiers do at prayer. Fortunately a sergeant in the street saw him amid the ruins and ordered him to quit his post, which he did right willingly.

A prominent English doctor has been trying the experiment of living on meal for a month. His daily allowance is one pound of whole meal, made into a cake with distilled water, and one quart of water. His account of his condition after a week is cheering. In the first few days he felt hungry, but about the fourth day this disappeared, and he had no longer any craving for other food. His brain was clear, his lung capacity had increased five inches, and both his sight and hearing had improved. He had lost seven pounds weight, but seems to regard this as rather an advantage. Altogether he feels thoroughly satisfied with his experiment. It is a very economical one, the wheat for seven days having only cost eightpence. "This," he says, "is living on almost a penny a day and enjoying it."

In a meeting of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, a member read a paper on "The Influences of Parents' Ages on the Vitality of Children." He has collected about 30,000 data, and has come to the following conclusions: Mothers under 20 years of age and fathers under 24 have children more weakly than parents of riper age. Their children are more subject to pulmonary diseases. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from 25 to 40 years of age, and whose mothers are from 20 to 30 years old. He says the best marriages are those in which the husband is senior to the wife, but a woman from 30 to 35 years old will have healthier children if her husband be somewhat younger than herself. A man from 30 to 40 years old ought to take a wife from 20 to 30. If the mother be five years older than the father the vitality of the children becomes impaired.

The American people are learning every year how to travel with greater comfort and satisfaction. Now the fashionable thing for wealthy families is to have a private car, in which they and a few friends can be transported anywhere they please throughout this broad land. Recently an excursion train for California have taken out from Boston one or two cars which are described as almost palaces in the way they are fitted up. Such a car is really an elegant home, though planned, of course on a lesser scale than a Fifth Avenue mansion. A parlor, an observation room, a library, private chambers, bath rooms, a dining room and a kitchen are all there—not so close together as to seem crowded, but each apartment furnished with all its proper belongings. The cooks on some of these cars are said to make a special study of each passenger, in order that his individual palate may be provided with just what it relishes.

Early in December, one year ago, a Boston paper relates, the Board of Health in that city desired to learn what the death rate for the year 1888 would probably be. The statistical clerk, after studying the records carefully, estimated that the total number of deaths during the year would be 10,190 and the rate per thousand inhabitants 24.27. "The full returns were not received at the Board's office for the three weeks afterwards, and then it was found that the clerk had made a mistake of only one, the total number of deaths being 10,191. He had made estimates upon the probable number of people who would die of a great many diseases, and there were very slight errors in a very few cases. He estimated that 441 would die of cholera morbus, and the number turned out to be 440. He expected that 900 persons would die of pneumonia, and in this he was exactly right."

"Nerves," is the trouble of the Queen of Sweden, the Empress of Austria and Ex-Empress Eugenie. The royal Swedish lady has to lead a most unqueenly life, earning literally every mouthful she eats by the sweat of her brow. Dr. Metzger, the eminent European specialist on disease, has brought her to realize that without hard muscular work there must be no indulgence in the good things which her chef provides for her table and that it is better to establish a nervous balance by digging and weeding or scrubbing like a housemaid than by exercise in a gymnasium. Dr. Metzger says that if girls would only understand the laws of health none of them would care to be fine ladies. His verdict of Empress Eugenie is that she rode too often in easily hung carriages, and on the Empress of Austria that she has spent too much of her life in side saddles. Women ought to vary their exercises and in a way to always both fatigue and interest.

To be amiable is a duty most certainly, but must not be exercised at the expense of any of the virtues. He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood.

Our Young Folks.

THE GOAT'S REVENGE.

BY PIPKIN.

WHIZ-Z Z Z! YAWN-N-N!

It was the alarum that went whizz, and Roland Harding that went yawn, and they both made a great noise over it.

"Can't be time to get up yet," muttered sleepy Roland. "Bother that old wheezy thing! I'm sure it's all wrong. Anyhow I'll have ten minutes more;" and he turned over and was fast asleep in a moment.

The alarum had done what it could, and now it stood on the shelf silent and sorrowful.

What was the use of waking a boy up if he only grumbled and growled, and fell asleep again before you could say Jack Robinson?

The alarum felt ill-used and humbled. "I might as well be in Timbuctoo for all the good I do," it thought. "Why doesn't he turn out like a man, instead of hugging his pillows and wasting his time. I wish I could wake him again, but I can't."

Roland slept on peacefully, until his sister Phyllis rapped at the door, and upon receiving no answer, guessed the state of affairs and marched in.

"Do wake up, Roland! Do you know what time it is?" she cried, giving him a shake.

Roland opened his eyes and grunted something unintelligible.

"You'll be late for school," said Phyllis decidedly. "Why, you lazy boy, it is eight o'clock."

"Is it?" and Roland was out of bed in a twinkling. "Here, get along, Phyllis; don't you see I'm in a hurry? I just do wish that someone would call me in the morning. I don't believe that silly alarum ever makes a sound."

The alarum simply boiled with indignation at hearing this unjust speech; but it could not defend itself, for it was only able to speak after being wound up.

Roland hurried through his dressing, gave his hair one vigorous brush up, and then one vigorous brush down; dashed into the breakfast room, and proceeded to eat his breakfast with similar rapidity, issuing directions to Phyllis all the while.

"I say, Phyllis, just look in the cupboard for my arithmetic, will you? It's got a greenish cover half off. Yes, that's it. And oh, Phyllis, have you seen my strap anywhere? I can't think where the things get to. The cat was playing with it yesterday or the day before, I forgot which."

Phyllis managed to find all her brother's belongings, and Roland set off at a good round pace for school.

By a piece of good fortune, which he hardly deserved, he slipped into his place just as the bell ceased ringing, and was greeted with an expressive grimace by his great friend, Archie Forder.

"I did think you were in for it this time," whispered the latter.

Roland smiled in a superior sort of way, as if nothing was more unlikely than that he should be kept in after school hours.

He was rather quick at learning, and got on very well when he liked to work, which was not always.

Archie Forder was two years older, and a dreadful dunce; he never by any chance knew his lessons, and I am sorry to say he generally copied Roland's exercises instead of doing them for himself.

But in spite of this, Roland looked up to him, and thought him a splendid fellow.

Archie was so strong and so clever at games; he could fish and swim, and when he threw a stone at anything he nearly always hit it—which, of course, was a great accomplishment. He knew a good deal about the ways and haunts of birds and beasts; but at the same time he was a terrible tease, and all the cats and stray dogs of the neighborhood were careful to keep out of his way.

Lessons began at once, and Roland's form was set up for a geography lesson.

Presently there was a question he could not answer; and he went to join his friend at the bottom of the class, that being Archie's accustomed place.

There was a story current among the boys that once upon a time Archie had been at the top of the class, and then he managed to tread on the master's toes, and was promptly sent to the bottom again.

I do not quite believe this tale. In the middle of lessons he whispered to his neighbor, "I say, Roly, I've something to tell you."

"What is it? He isn't looking."

"Such a game! Mrs. Barker, at the dairy you know, has got a ——"

"Silence at that end!" cried the master, glancing suspiciously at Roland, who began putting down figures very fast, as if he were working at express speed.

Mr. Armour bent over one of the boys to correct a mistake in his sum, and Roland gave Archie a nudge.

"I say, got a what?"

"A goat—a real, jolly little goat."

"Whatever has she got that for?" marvelled.

"Don't know; but we'll have some fun with it after school."

"What? Tell me."

But Archie was multiplying and dividing with a studious air, and Roland understood that Mr. Armour was coming their way, and went on with his sum too.

After school the two boys caught up their caps and ran out together. For a wonder, Archie had managed not to be kept in after hours.

"Let's go and have a look at the goat," said Roland; "but what do you want to do with him, Archie? We can't ride it, can we?"

"No; it wouldn't quite carry me," grinned the other, picking up a stone, in order to be ready for any bird that perchanced to fly past.

"But I'll tell you what, Roly; an idea came into my head this morning. We'll harness Billy to that little old cart in your shed at home, and make him draw a load of stones for us up to the castle."

"That's a capital idea," cried Roland. "We can pretend that it is a baggage-wagon bringing in arms or provisions."

The two boys had been playing at castle-building for some time, and had raised a very curious structure in a quiet corner of the common, with a ring of stones round it to represent a high wall, and a tiny trench outside that to represent a moat.

Archie and Roland were both Norman barons of high renown.

They took it in turns to be lord of the castle; the other one generally pretending to be a wandering knight, whose chief desire was to besiege the fortress and kill its noble defender with a wooden sword.

Archie was so much stronger than Roland that the latter would have all the defeats and none of the victories, had it not been arranged between them to take it in turns to be the conqueror.

As it was Roland who had invented this charming play out of books he had read, and who, besides, prompted Archie in his speeches—for Archie always forgot how a Norman baron ought to talk—this was considered a fair arrangement.

It seemed to both the boys that if by any chance they could introduce Mrs. Barker's goat Billy into the play it would be great fun, and, what was better still, that it would add more to the reality.

They could pretend that Billy was all sorts of things—a gallant charger, a baggage mule even, as Roland suggested, a tame elephant, or a fierce Bengal tiger.

They could harness him to the little cart, and make believe he was a horse dragging the marble from the quarry or the timber from the forest which was to be employed in building the castle.

They decided that Billy might be made very useful; but the difficulty then presented itself to them was, how were they to get hold of Billy?

In the first place, Mrs. Barker at the dairy was always here, there, and everywhere, popping in and out, and keeping a sharp eye upon all that went on.

Then Billy was uncommonly frisky and showed fight directly anyone tried to meddle with him.

The boys made a kind of rope halter, and eagerly watched for a good time to slip it over Billy's obstinate head; but at last they got tired of waiting.

"We must make a rush and chance it," said Archie; "Mrs. Barker is out of the way she has just gone round to the back of the dairy. Come on, Roly."

"Charge the enemy!" cried Roland, waving the halter above his head; and they pounced upon Billy, who was dreaming of no such danger.

He defended himself like a plucky little goat, and used his horns and heels with right good will; but it was no good, it was a case of two to one, and, besides, Archie was the strongest boy in the school, and Roland not far behind him.

With some difficulty they got the goat up to the castle, and then he wouldn't play with them.

Poor Billy did not understand the game at all, nor why it was to be pulled this way and then pushed that, and harnessed to an odious little cart that he detested with all his heart.

What was it all about? that was what he wanted to know. And whenever he got the chance he butted the castle or at his tormentor's legs, or anything else he came near.

He felt very angry and insulted, did poor Billy, and it took the bold baron's whole time to keep their restive steed in order. It was all very well to shout at an imaginary troop of squires—

"What ho, valets! saddle my noble steed and lead him out into the castle yard!" but what if the noble steed refused to come out, and preferred to dance a sort of war dance round them instead?

However, the boys thought it was good fun for a little while, and they began to grow tired of the game; besides, Billy's gambols had seriously injured the castle, each time he had charged the structure he had generally managed to dislodge some of its fabric.

"Let's take the animal back to where he came from," at last suggested Roland; "I think he's a deal more trouble than he is worth."

"Oh, he'd not be a bad little fellow if he were properly trained," said Archie; "but I guess he'd better go back now, or Miss Barker will miss him and be hunting for him all over the place. Catch hold of the rope the other side, Roly, and look out for his horns. He's a rare one to push!"

So Billy was led back, and oh! what an angry little captive he was.

Two to one was not fair play; if he could only catch either of those boys by themselves he would teach them to insult a free-born goat and drag him along with a rope around his neck; that he would! He would show them what horns were meant for; yes, and hoofs too, if he got the chance.

Billy was let loose at the top of the road, and skipped back joyfully to the dairy, while the boys, catching sight of Mrs. Barker's bonnet rushed off in the opposite direction.

"I shall have to tie you up, sir, if you go wandering off from your home like this," said Mrs. Barker; "you're a great deal too fond of roaming."

Poor Billy had not enjoyed his roaming much that afternoon, but he could not make his mistress understand that. He could not tell her how he had been tormented by two thoughtless schoolboys.

But he kicked up his heels, and said to himself that he hoped one of those horrid boys would come past the dairy soon.

"Roland, Roland, where are you? Come here, dear. I want you to run down to Mrs. Barker's and get a pint of new milk. Mary used all we had for the pancakes at dinner, and now there is not enough for tea."

"Oh, mother," cried Roland; "cannot Phyllis go instead?"

"No; Phyllis is busy with the children, and you don't seem to me to be doing anything very important. See, here's the money, and here's the jug; be quick back, and mind not to spill the milk."

Roland took his cap down from the peg, and sauntered out of the garden gate, whistling as he went.

The dairy was about a quarter of a mile off, and Roland had no objection to fetching the milk, only he had got into the habit of saying, "Can't Phyllis do it?" when anyone asked him to lend them a helping hand.

The fact was, Phyllis spoiled her brother, and did a great deal too much for him.

"Hallo! why there's Billy!" cried Roland, as he came to the dairy; "well, Billy, and how are you, my dear? Will you come and have a game with me presently?"

Billy made answer by instantly charging at Roland's legs.

Roland dodged, and waved his cap in Billy's face; then he took to his heels and ran into the dairy.

The goat was disappointed; he wanted to have a good stand-up fight; and behold! the enemy had retreated.

But he was a thoughtful little animal, and he said to himself—

"Patience; he will have to come back the way he went; and then——"

Roland was not very long in the dairy, and when he came out he was pleased to see that Master Billy was nowhere to be seen.

He little thought that cunning Billy was only biding his time just round the corner, waiting to attack the youthful enemy in the rear.

Roland was stepping along, holding the jug carefully with both hands in front of him, when suddenly and without warning he felt a tremendous shock.

Up he went in the air, off flew his cap, away went the jug, which fell on the pavement hard by, and was broken into a hundred pieces, while all the milk went pouring out in a stream.

Old Betsy, who carried the milk-pails, was coming along at that minute, and laughed until she nearly cried.

As for triumphant Billy, he surely was the proudest little goat you ever saw. He had never felt so contented and happy before.

He had had his revenge at last; he had tossed one of those dreadful teasing boys; and all he was sorry for and regretted was that he could not get hold of the other and toss him too.

FOR THE BABY'S SAKE.

CHINESE have a queer institution which they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour-glass and stands on end.

There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on its dear little feet.

Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over the top of the cradle and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys until the nurse puts in an appearance.

Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker-work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists.

It is almost impossible for one to be upset, but now and then, when two are placed together and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roll over the floor to "noises that bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church, she makes a hole in the snow outside and deposits the young Laplander therein.

It is no uncommon sight to see a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a fierce-looking lot of dogs are on guard to keep off the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent.

The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and couches him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush.

Sometimes the cradle is ready to hand in shape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Bushman warrior.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles their young in palm leaves.

A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub.

Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree and the wind rocks the dear little tot to sleep.

Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkeys delighted to drop nuts down with unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during the siesta, and the chatter of monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Patagonian babies are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guano skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside, and can be carried thus suspended from a saddle without danger.

In the rude huts of these people these cradles are hung hammock-wise to the rafters, and amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature, as it seems, the Patagonian infant passes the first stages of babyhood.

When the village migrates, the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swimming a stream it floats like a canoe on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged.

Sir Francis Head, who saw a good deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record the statement that the Patagonian baby in his queer cradle is one of the best natured representatives of the infant world.

One would hardly go to Kaffirland for a fantastic cradle, and one almost as queer as it is fantastic at that. Yet he would find such a one there. The Kaffir baby when he comes into world is put into a cradle or bag made of antelope skin, with hair on.

This baby castle narrows towards the bottom, widens to within a few inches from the opening, when it suddenly contracts. The skin is suddenly turned inward, giving the young Kaffir as soft a bed as some found in the cradles of royalty. Four long strips of antelope skin are attached to the cradle, and enable the mother to swing it on her back after a peculiar fashion.

ACOUSTIC VASES.—The theatres of the ancient Romans were noted for their good acoustic properties, due to the fact of their interiors being constructed of wood, a material which by its own vibrations reinforces sound.

Those of the Greeks being built chiefly of stone and marble, were wanting in this important respect; to remedy which they were compelled to call in the aid of resonance, which they did by placing a series of hollow brazen or earthenware vessels, of careful graduated sizes, between the rows of seats in the auditorium.

Vitruvius tells us that these harmonic vases were placed in shelves or niches between the rows of seats occupied by the spectators, to which the voice of the actor had free passage, and they enabled the actor to be heard in all parts of the gigantic theatres, some four hundred feet in diameter; that they were made of brass or earthenware, and proportioned in magnitude to the size of the building; and that in the smaller theatres they were tuned in harmonic proportions.

The following amusing anecdote, related by Sir John Herschel, bears additional testimony to the same truth:

"In one of the cathedrals in Sicily, the confessionals were so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by a curved roof and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and in bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone.

"One day, it is said, his own wife occupied the penitential stool, and both he and his friends were thus made acquainted with secrets which were the reverse of amusing to one of the party."

WHEN THE DRIVER AWOKE.—A practical joke was played the other day which was worthy of Theodore Hook in his happiest days. A gentleman, who has something of a reputation as a wag, was the writer's companion, and we were passing a large shop. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the [illegible] was inside the shop.

Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and opening the carriage door carefully examined it to. In a moment the coachman straightened up, and gazed down the street at the electric light which was fixed there as if he had never seen anything so interesting in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder, and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to some one inside the carriage.

"Thank you; yes; good-day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the driver and say but a single word, "Home!"

"Yes, sir! toh! get up!" and off went the brougham "home."

Where that "home" was, who the mistress of the carriage was, or what she did when she came out of the shop, or what the coachman did when he stopped at the door of "home" and found the carriage empty, all that only the coachman and lady know.

It was the night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good night, and softly whispered, "To-morrow eve, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together; hand in hand will we journey adown life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, my darling?" "I—I—oh, yes, to be sure; only I really am so worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear!"

ONCE MORE.

BY M. MACMILLAN.

A voice of pity strove to bless
In accents bountifully kind,
But still my grief knew no redress,
Grown mad and blind.

The presence made herself my slave,
Hither and thither came and went;
All that she had poor Kindness gave,
Till all was spent.

She tried to soothe and make me whole,
Her touch was torment in my pain;
It froze my heart, benumbed my soul,
And crazed my brain.

At last, her duty all fulfilled,
She turned with cheerful ease away,
Yet would have lingered, had I willed
That she should stay.

And lo! there knelt, where she had stood
One, wistful as a child might be,
Who blushed at her own hardihood
In helping me.

She said no word, she only turned
Her passionate sweet eyes on mine.
Until within my sorrow burned
A bliss divine.

And in that gaze I woke once more
To earth beneath and heaven above—
This was not Kindness as before,
But only Love.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Some time since an English traveller printed a book in which he spoke of the odd and ridiculous names—to him—that were to be found in the United States. Had he paid as much attention to his own land it is likely he would have halted in his opinion.

How many Englishmen or others know of Boreat, Ab Kettleby, Kenney's Commander, Celian Aeron, and Stogumber? How many could pronounce, although they might guess the whereabouts of, Eglwysceymmun or Yynyscynhaiarn?

What traveler has dated his letters from Broadwoodwilliger, Mow Cop, Frazakerley or Coggs, or is aware that Joppa and Portobello are in Lincolnshire, Dublin in Hampshire, and Gib in Wilts?

Is he lazy, there are always Idle Folk to sympathize with him in Yorkshire; is he dispirited, there is Hope in at least five counties.

There are Blyth people in Nottingham and Northumberland, Bold ones in Lancaster, a Clown to amuse him in Derby (who should be located near Giggleswick), and Harty Islanders will greet him in Kent, where, too, men of Worth are never wholly wanting.

He may be in Three Counties at one time, near Hitchin, Twenty in Lincolnshire, and has elsewhere a choice of Four Ashes, Five Ways, Six Hills, Seven Oaks, and Seven Chimneys in the Corner.

Low in health, he may get above Par any day in Cornwall, and a Pickup in Kent. Conversationally inclined, he may seek Chatterby or Talkin or Talk-on-the Hill.

To dine he can select Brill or Bream, Salt, Ham, Beer (or Isle Brewers), Pye Bridge, Puddington, and Pudding Norton, with a Sugar Loaf to sweeten them, and a Medlar by way of dessert.

If that is not enough, there is More in Shropshire. A Pipe awaits him in Hereford, and should he become sleepy he may betake himself to Snoring.

He will probably not choose Nettlebed for his rest, and Bedwas requires change of tense before being eligible.

There are, in fact, places in that country to suit all tastes, if a man's knowledge of his land were sufficient to direct him aright.

Inkpen for the writer, Cargo for the shipowner, Cotton and Wool for the merchant, Stock for the shopkeeper, Scales for the salesman, Copy Hold for the lawyer, Tory Rank for the politician, Hoe for the gardener, Wheatacre for the farmer, Healing for the sick, Mask for the actor, a Hautbois for the musician, Bluestone for the laundress, Hook and Eye and Thimbleby for the housewife, and Milk House water for the dairyman; while the needy will avoid Duns and go to Lincolnshire for Great Coates.

The merchant will find a Sale always in Cheshire, and Selling going on in Kent.

The churchgoer may live all his days in Church, having a choice of several Churches and more than one Steeple; the dissenter may choose among a dozen Chapels and a Bethel.

Dean, Grey Friar, Advent, Pancraswell, and All Saints suggest similar associations; and, as far as saints are concerned, their name is legion, including a host no longer memorialised by red-or black-letter days, such as S.S. Woollos, Veep, Dye, Dedats, Enodock, Grade, Finnidgham, Motons, Minver, and Tudy.

The people, other than saints, a man may meet as he rambles about England are also a goodly company.

There are Saul, Paul, Peter, Davy, Abram, Antony, Mark and Arnold, Sheriff Hales, Stephen Street, Martin Husingtree, Thomas Close, Percy Main, and even John o'Gaunt, while among the lasses are Bell Broughton, Mary Hill, Margaret Roding, Edith Weston, Mary Ambleigh, Rose Dale, Rose Grove, Clare, Emly, Stella, and Aspatria.

What wonder that Lovers may be found also, a Hard Knot suggesting the matrimonial process, and Settle the natural sequence of events; unless, indeed, the progress of love is towards Cooling instead of Knotting, Farewell is arrived at in Staffordshire, and all is Over in Cambridge.

Superior people may be confidently recommended to Lords Seat, Countess, and Upper Swell. But who would voluntarily take up their abode in a Little Hole, Turner's Puddle, Old Leake, Ragged Appleshaw, Foul Sutton, Sotby (especially when there is Soberton by way of choice), or Shabbington in a Box, an Angle, or a Shelf—worse still, in Hell's Mouth?

What schoolboy would not fly from Bircham and Much Birch, and who would desire to be known as an Ugley man, or an Ebony man, or an Old man (we dare not suggest the feminine sex), or be forever associated with a Long Load or a Wry Nose?

Fridaythrope must have been christened in defiance of superstition, but some people may prefer a whole Week.

Browns Over is suggestive to the cricketer, so are Ball and Bye, while Trotto, with which should be connected Sand, Came, and Fleet, is balanced by Whatstandwell.

Possibly Loose, Ripe, Mealing, Addle, and Flush are designations in some way appropriate to the happy spots which possess them; and the supporter of the British constitution will find Britannia located near Bacup.

The traveler who sought to direct his steps to Newton might be perplexed in his choice of roads, since there are some fifty entered in a good county atlas, in addition to small hamlets; of these about thirty are without any distinguishing prefix or suffix.

Suttons, Nortons, and Westons are almost as numerous, but of the first-named he will of course choose, in order to avoid disappointment, Sutton at home, just as of the Stokes he will select Stoke Bliss.

There are half a hundred Stokes, but the majority have further nomenclature, such as Abbot, Canon, Priors, Day, Edith, Gabriel, Orchard, and Pero.

More surprising is it that over thirty spots rejoice in the names of Capel and L'lanfihangel respectively. Needless to say they are located in Wales.

Grains of Gold.

By other's faults wise men correct their own.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

To live is not to live for one's self alone: let us help one another.

In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterwards.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Be not sorry that men do not know you, but be sorry that you are ignorant of men.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

We should not so much esteem our poverty as a misfortune, were it not that the world treats it so much as a crime.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

Femininities.

Men's vows are women's traitors.

Don't repeat the scandals of the day; they are old. Invent new ones.

Queen Victoria's household expenses come to the enormous sum of $625,000 a year.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

If you want anything verbally advertised, the best way is to tell it at a 5 o'clock tea.

Husband and wife who go their own ways nearly always meet at last in the divorce court.

A pretty pin to fasten the bonnet strings is in the form of a grape-vine leaf of gold, and set with tiny pearls.

Mr. Staysee: "You can't imagine who I'm going to see to-morrow." Miss Waite, naively: "It can't be papa, can it?"

It is said that there are two ladies of Pittsfield, Mass., each of whom makes about $5,000 a year by giving whist lessons.

Among a collection of historical mementos now on exhibition in London is a lock of Queen Mary's hair, still of a golden brown.

A colored woman testified at a trial in Stanford, Ky., "that she would have been killed had she not seen the bullet, which was coming straight at her, and dodged it."

Old lady: "My dear, do you really think you are fit to become a minister's wife?" Engaged niece, from the West: "Yes, indeed. I don't mind being talked about at all."

Attractive young women were employed to pass the contribution boxes on a recent Sunday at Rockland, Me., and the receipts showed the experiment well worth permanent adoption.

Said a rather frivolous New York lady to a friend: "It may be years and years before I find my ideal man." "And what are you going to do in the meantime?" "Get married, I suppose."

Lemon and orange peel grated, mixed with sugar, and made into a paste with their own juice, are excellent for flavoring cakes and puddings. If put into a small jar the paste will keep for months.

"Did you ask Miss Pointer to dance last night?" "Yes; and she said she was engaged." "And what did she say the second time?" "That she was tired." "And the third time?" "That she was going home."

Stern father: "What were you doing with your head on old Smith's shoulder last night?" Daughter: "You're not angry, I hope, father?" "No, but I don't like to see young heads on old shoulders, that's all."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

An Indiana court has decided that unless a woman is pleased with her photographs she need not pay for them. Since this decision was rendered 45 photographers have spilled their chemicals out of the window and left the State.

Empress Dagmar, of Russia, is approaching an acute stage in her mania. She passes whole days in absolute silence; on other occasions she refuses to touch a morsel of food, while at times she even fails to recognize the members of her family.

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope!" he gasped; "hold on tight!" "Don't say hold on tight," gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of the Atlantic ocean; "say hold on tightly."

Ladies who wear Hading veils to afternoon teas complain of inability to partake of offered refreshments. It is so much trouble to untie the ribbon tapes that hold the veil in place under the chin that it is rarely ever attempted, and consequently they are obliged to remain outside the dining-room.

At the bathing resort, Dieppe, in France, the following notice was issued by the summer police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which often remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly."

Man's love is but one of his many feelings. In the scholar it is subservient to his thirst for knowledge; in the patriot, it yields to the worship of country; glory haloes the heart of the soldier; but with woman the affections are omnipotent; they absorb all other thoughts, and make all other passions their slaves.

A lady lost her wedding ring 16 years ago, so the story goes, at Muirshiel Farm, near Glasgow, Scotland, while walking in a cornfield, and gave up all hope of ever seeing it again. But recently she was agreeably surprised at receiving word that the ring had been turned up in plowing. It was as bright as when lost.

A North Carolina woman was recently hugged by a female relative with such affectionate force as to break her ribs. Young women should not waste their strength that way. It is sometimes disastrous to assume a man's work. A man appears to know by instinct just how much pressure the female ribs will stand, and the business should be left to his arms alone.

Lady Florence Dixie, well known in London for her originality, added the following to invitations for a ball she has just given: "Contrary to the ridiculous customary habit hitherto, ladies will not have to wait to be asked to dance, but will have the right to go directly to whatever gentleman they choose. In my house women shall enjoy the right of suffrage."

"To morrow, Mariar, will be your birthday, and I want to give you some appropriate present. What shall it be?" "Whatever your kind heart may suggest, John." Next day. "Maria, you know how your poor back has suffered from pulling off my boots in the evening. It will not suffer any more, my love. See! I have brought you a nice new bootjack, which I will use hereafter instead."

Masculinities.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

The lazy man takes eight steps to avoid one.

Hypocrites do the Devil's drudgery in Christ's livery.

The wisest fellows, we think, are those who agree with us.

If thou desirest a wife, choose her on a Saturday rather than on a Sunday.

A man who has tried it says that all the short cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites: they are the greatest dupes he has.

Never leave home with unkind words on your lips. Stay till you have said them.

The man of meditation is happy, not for an hour or a day, but quite round the circle of his years.

A singular fact is that when man is a brute, he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes.

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth which it knows.

Make no vows to perform this or that: it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

Be lenient to your wife's faults and do not expect perfection until you have first become perfect yourself.

A San Francisco court last week granted a divorce within less than 24 hours after the application had been filed.

Cover the mouth with the hand or napkin (both if nature has made it necessary) while removing anything from it.

Every one is the poorer in proportion as he has more wants, and counts not what he has, but wishes only what he has not.

Be as kind and attentive to your wife as you were before your marriage, and remember she has no pipe to go to for comfort.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

John Swan, of Stroud, Eng., drowned himself through derangement, owing to over-happiness at his approaching marriage.

"If I had $50 000 a year I could gratify my ambition," said Bippes. "What is your ambition?" "To live within my income."

Let a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

It is said that "brains will tell." Sometimes they will, and sometimes they will not. Sometimes the more brains a man has the less he tells.

A recent English investigation shows that with men over 35 years of age the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages cuts off 10 years from life.

Few things are more necessary to success in life than decision of character. With it a man can rarely fail; without it he can rarely succeed.

There are 4,000,000 collars made in this country every year, and yet the young husband can never find one that will fit comfortably on a home-made shirt.

Most unfortunate. Simpson, tremulously: "Emma, darling, say yes, and there will be another—" Newsboy, outside: "Big breach of promise case!—Extra!"

A wealthy, though eccentric, hotelkeeper of Buda-Pesth, Hungary, was so pleased at receiving a divorce that he celebrated the event by founding a charitable institution.

A gentleman casually vacates his seat for a lady if he sees a better one unoccupied. This, however, is not always necessary if the lady is his "best girl" and no one else is present.

Miss Keane, to handsome young physician: "Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." Young physician, quietly: "Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know!"

"I used to think," said Uncle Ezra, "that this thing of gals kissing pug dogs was purty rough, but sence I come to town an' see some of the dudes—well, maybe the gals ain't so much to blame, arter all."

Frank T. Lackey, who travels for a New York cloak house, while yawning in Cambridge City, Ind., ruptured some of the cords in the vertebra, and since has been in a critical condition. He is unable to move his head.

The merchant had been sick unto death. "Tell me the truth, doctor," he said; "is the danger over?" "Sure," replied the doctor, "there is no more danger; the crisis is passed." And the merchant revokes his bequest of $5,000 to the hospital.

An intelligent taxpayer of St. Paul, Minn., was asked to buy his daughter a geography, and he wrote the principal of the school: "I do not see any use for a girl to take geography lessons, for it is of no use to them, because they cannot be an officer in the army or navy."

A rather strange affliction happened to a Missouri couple who were sleigh riding. The young man's right ear and the lady's left ear were frosted, while the other two were not cold at all. Why all four ears were not frosted is a problem which has been submitted to the high school class in physiology.

The boot on the other foot. "Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Bob, I dare say, if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Bob?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Woman's World for February has for a frontispiece "Madam Grand (Princess de Tallyrand), from a portrait by Gerard at Versailles." An article on the celebrated lady shown in the picture is contributed by Miss A. De Grasse Stevens. Other papers in this number are: "Fans," by Miss F. Mabel Robinson; "Romany Songs," by Miss Laura Alexander Smith; "Fontarabbia," by Miss A. Hardy; "The Latest Fashions," by Mrs Johnstone and "Violette"; "On Woman's Work in Politics," by Margaret, Lady Sandhurst; "Political Women from the M. P.'s Point of View," illustrated by Gordon Browne; "The Umbrella," by Mrs. Bonyers Morrell; "Furnica; or, the Queen of the Ants," by Carmen Sylva; "Irish Industrial Art," by Mrs. Jenne, and "Some Literary Notes," by the editor, Oscar Wilde.

Among the features of the February *St. Nicholas* is a very interesting article by Noah Brooks on Henry M. Stanley, entitled "The White Pasha." It is accompanied with portrait and map. The number opens with a charming poem by Joaquin Miller, "The Gold that Grew by Shasta Town." Arthur L. Shumway has an illustrated paper on Japan, with illustrations from photograph. Edmund Alton has the fourth paper in his series, "The Routine of the Republic;" J. H. Gibbons, U. S. N., under the title of "A Modern Middy," describes the Naval Academy at Annapolis; Professor Frederick Starr describes ice-making by machinery in Florida, and J. R. Coryell has an entertaining story called "Lassoing a Sea Lion." Mrs. Catherwood's "Bells of St. Anne" is continued. There are many other interesting stories, poems, jingles, etc., and an abundance of beautiful engravings. The Century Co., New York.

The February *Magazine of American History* is a Washington number, the leading article being a pleasant sketch of Washington as President during his residence in New York in 1789 90, by the editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. A superb engraving of Washington and his family forms the frontispiece. "Lady Washington's Reception Day," from Huntington's celebrated painting, also illustrates Mrs. Lamb's paper. The "De Vries Portrait of Washington," describes a recent discovery in Holland of an original painting of the first President Gen. John Cochrane contributes an unpublished letter of Washington in fac simile addressed to James Duane in 1780 Watson Griffin, in "A Canadian-American Liaison," presents very forcibly the objections to annexation from a Canadian's point of view. Alfred J. Hill gives on "Oriental Account of the Discovery of America," and Dr. Patton discusses the "Mound Builders and the Indians" in an interesting vein. The departments are filled with historical data, much of it relating to Washington, and the number is a valuable contribution to the stock of information on this as well as other subjects. Published at 743 Broadway New York.

In the February *Popular Science Monthly*, one of its ablest contributors, Dr. Andrew D White, reappears with another of his "New Chapters of the Warfare of Science." Education is represented by the "Story of a School," describing a remarkable success in conducting a normal school on scientific principles; also by "Comments on "The Sacrifice of Education," from Max Muller, E A. Freeman and Frederic Harrison. Appleton Morgan, writes of "The Political Control of Railways: Is it Confiscation?" "Physical Training of Young Children," says a word for play in preference to formal gymnastics. A popular illustrated account is "Giant Reptiles of a Past Age." "The Dance of the Lady Crab," has also a picture. "The Yezidees, or Devil-Worshipers," will be found very readable. "On the Causes of Variation," explains some of the methods of evolution. The work of "Underground Waters in Rock Transformations" is told by Prof. G. A. Dubree. "The Origins of Holidays" is a curious study of social customs. "New Facts in Alcoholic Heredity" are presented. The "Editor's Table" is occupied with "Altruism and Egoism." Some lively correspondence on "The Flying-Machine," "Woman Suffrage," etc., and a variety of notes and items, make up a substantial but attractive number. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

"HOSPITAL TRAMPS" have become less bothersome at a certain infirmary in New York since a new method of treating them was adopted. They are now given what is known as the "undertaker's revenge." A physician connected with the hospital explains that "it is a frightful mixture of copaiba, asafoetida, castor oil and ether, and a tablespoonful of it is given to the tramp every two hours, day and night. A concoction of the first three ingredients named would be bad enough in all conscience, but the taste of it would not remain in the mouth for more than half an hour, while the addition of a little ether makes the taste stick closer than a twin brother for all time. Very few of these 'hospital tramps' fail to ask for a discharge after the fifth or sixth dose, but once in a while we will get one that will appear to like and thrive upon it."

MANY men claim to be firm in their principles when they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

FOR beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

THE WILD RABBIT.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: I have recently been reading some articles, entitled "Animals I have known and loved." Amongst the amusing and interesting description of pets, there is no mention of a wild rabbit; and as we have never met anybody who has tamed one—people whom we have asked even saying that it cannot be done—perhaps our case is uncommon, and may be interesting to some of your readers: for our rabbit would follow us, and eat out of our hands; and was as affectionate as a kitten.

He was caught when a few days old, and my mother undertook to try and rear him, allowing him to live for a long time in her pocket, and feeding him constantly with milk from a teaspoon.

He grew fast, and soon became quite friendly, being fed regularly on bran, fresh leaves, black oats, any thing that he could get given him; for he always knew the meal hours, and would come and beg sweetly by the side of every one round the table.

He lived loose about the room, only being put in a box when we were out. We were living in a flat at the time, and he was never allowed downstairs, and no cat was ever allowed up.

Once he was missing for a long time, and we had given him up for lost, when suddenly he came scrambling down the chimney, none the worse, except for a little soot in his fur, as luckily no fire had been lighted.

He would always come to the call of "Bun, bun, bun!" and would jump on to our laps, and if allowed, would eat out of our plates.

A favorite place for him to sit was on one of our shoulders; where he would sleep for hours, and sometimes gently nibble an ear!

We used to bring him home the red berries off brier-bushes; of these he was particularly fond, never, however, eating the seeds, but leaving them in neat little heaps on the ground.

Loaf sugar, too, he greatly relished—and when he saw it on the table, he would jump up, and with the help of a chair or a lap, and look into the basin—and if the tongs were in his way, would take them in his mouth and lay them on the table, then look in again, take a piece of sugar, jump down with it, and crunch it up, and probably come back for more.

He took great delight in a cabinet in the room where he knew that cake was to be found and would scratch at the door until he had opened it wide enough to get in; but soon learning that when he made a noise we heard him, and sent him away and locked the door, he took to doing it as quietly as a mouse; and more than once, thinking him unusually quiet and good, we have got up to see where he was, we have found him sitting in the cabinet, greedily devouring cake!

He had a hundred pretty, clever ways; but much as we loved him, we were a good deal tried by him.

His destructiveness was serious; boots and shoes or bags; if left unguarded, would be nibbled round in very short order; and I remember well my mother's look of dismay on finding that he had eaten large holes in her petticoat, when she had only thought him asleep on her lap, under her dress for warmth.

We never left him alone for many minutes, as he was sure to be in mischief.

Once, when we were going to be away for all day, we gave him a large hamper and locked him in a room. When we came home and went to see him, he met us with great delight at the door, having eaten his way out of the hamper—his next amusement having been to scratch a huge hole in the carpet; but he was such a general favorite that even the landlady didn't object very much.

He was now about six months old; and as we were leaving the place and could not take him with us, much against our will we gave him away to some friends in town. His fate we have never heard—we have not liked to ask.

We know that he was kept for some time, and we have heard of a visit to the store cupboard, where a quantity of scented soap and wax candles was found destroyed or eaten; since then we have thought it better not to inquire, fearing to hear of a sad end, such as comes in one way or another to most pets.

THE MOON.—Much evil has been laid at the door of the moon. Some say that the man who sleeps uncovered beneath its rays will wake up a lunatic. Recently, out West, a new charge has been brought against the moon.

A controversy arose as to the ownership of a herd of cattle, and the settlement of the dispute depended upon the proof of the brands upon the animals' flanks. They were three times as large as those which the claimant had been in the habit of using; but thirteen witnesses, all experts, went in succession into the box and swore that experience had taught that when cattle was branded when "there was was no moon," the brand always remained of its original size; and that when cattle was branded when "there was a moon," the brand invariably afterwards increased in magnitude.

By the light of the evidence of these witnesses, the issue of the suit, although it involved property worth some thousands of dollars was eventually decided in favor of the claimant.

PLEURISY PAINS, Asthmatic, and all Throat Affections, are soon relieved by that certain Remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

A SHORT, SAD STORY.

Some epigramatic wag tells a sad story, in short style, thus:

CANTO I.	CANTO II.
Boy,	Gun,
Gun,	Bust,
Joy,	Boy,
Fun.	Dust.

With almost equal brevity, but minus the levity, we say, that to impure blood is due a great variety of ills that make life a burden. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, "Fever-sores," Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, of whatever name or nature, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine.

WARRANTED. "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only remedy for the above diseases, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, Fs, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

BACK TO REALITIES.

Upon the glassy surface of the stream
We floated lightly in our frail canoe;
The unreal moonlight made the dull world seem
A paradise, designed for just us two.

Reclining on the softly cushioned seat
She trifled with a fairy light guitar;
While I, absorbed in meditation sweet,
In fancy roamed with her through realms afar.

And as we drifted slowly, gently down
The widening river, careless of our way,
The airy lightness of her summer gown
In fancy made her seem a very fay.

Till suddenly she broke the silence still,
And shattered my Elysium with the jar
Of words, "Come, brace up with the paddle, Will,
This night air's sure to give us both catarrh."

—U. N. Nonn.

Waiting-maids—Elderly spinsters.

The great senses-taker — Brandy and-water.

Designs in jewelry—Scheming for an engagement ring.

If any boat can shoot the rapids successfully, we think it is the gun-boat.

It is a fact not easily accounted for that, at parties, after supper the guests begin to grow thin.

A second-hand clothier publicly announces that he has "left-off clothing of every description."

A Chicago man, under the domination of kleptomanian proclivities, actually took the pledge and kept it.

It is nearly as impossible to get money out of a miser as it would be for a butcher to get mutton chops out of a battering ram.

The man who got wise by eating sage cheese has a brother who proposes to become skilful in the fashionable dances by dieting on hops.

Brown: "Is young Highflyer a man of steady habits?" Robinson: "Oh, yes: his habits are all very steady, but unfortunately they are all bad habits."

An exchange says that the reason there are so many mutton-heads in existence is to be found in the fact that such a number of children are "perfect little lambs."

A little boy, three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct, "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water, and he can't cry milk."

Perkins will get tight occasionally, much to the astonishment of himself and friends. "For years," said he, "it was unaccountable to me, for I never did drink but a mouthful or two; and the cause never did strike me until I measured my mouth and found it held a pint."

A citizen, who deserves well of his country, had a large family, to which additions were constantly making. On day one of his little boys was thus interrogated: "Johnny, how many brothers and sisters have you got?" "I don't know," answered the boy; "I hain't been home since morning."

The proprietor of a hotel was bustling about the other morning with twenty things to do, when some one asked him why he didn't call up the waiter. "I shan't call him as long as I can help it," replied he; "for when he is in bed I know where he is, but after he's up I don't know where to find him."

"Mother, I can never win the prize for good behavior!" exclaimed a boy, just in from school; "I've tried and tried, but some other pupil always gets it?" "But you must keep on trying," said his mother, encouragingly. "It's no use," replied the boy; "I shan't try any more. It's a clean waste of goodness."

"Mr. De Smith, you have served me faithfully these many years, and on this anniversary of the day you entered my employ I desire to present you this keepsake." De Smith, accepting a proffered envelope with mingled emotions of reverence and gratitude, breaks the seal and discovers—a photograph of the banker. "Sir," he gasps, "all I can say is that it is very much like you."

A young man from the country had applied to his physician for advice. After prescribing the regimen he wished his patient to follow, he added, "And, remember, only one cigar after each meal." Some weeks later the young man returned. "Well, my friend," inquired Æsculapius, "how have you observed my rules?" "Pretty faithfully, doctor. Only that one cigar after meal business has bothered me a little. You should understand that I had—never smoked."

Long haired customer, to barber: "Is there any way to shorten a man's hair without using the shears or clipper?" Barber. "Yes, sir; I've done that for several men since the election. You made a vow that you wouldn't have it cut till your man was elected?" Customer: "Er—yes." Barber: "That's all right. I can singe it for you." Customer, relieved: "Then I wish you would singe off about six inches. I may be a darn fool, but I'm a man of some conscience."

A laborer in a dockyard was one day given a two-foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time. "Well, Mike," remarked the foreman, "what is the size of the plate?" "Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule and two thumb's over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger."

For wounds, whether incised or contused, Salvation Oil is the best remedy, 25 cents.

The year has four seasons, during all of which keep on hand Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

OF FAMILY GHOSTS.

The appearance only to persons who are peculiarly fitted for ghost-seeing is one of the peculiarities of all ghost legends.

It is not every one who can see the inhabitants of the invisible world, but those whose eyes are opened, or for those whom the ghost has a feeling that makes a bond of sympathy, or those who, by some peculiarity of birth, are better qualified than others for such mystic sight.

For instance, a child born on Sunday is believed to have this power above all others.

The "White Lady of Avenel" is only the application to a particular family of a belief common in Scotland where the apparition known in Ireland as the "banshee" is known by the same name, but quite as often by the "white lady."

In fact, most of the great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a domestic spirit who took an interest in their prosperity, and usually intimated an approaching disaster by wailings and unearthly sounds of grief.

But there was a difference in the apparition varying with the character which each is supposed to have held while upon the earth in mortal flesh, but in general it appeared as an old woman in a mantle with streaming hair.

A superstition of the same kind is so generally received in the Green Isle that the banshee is counted in popular belief to be a peculiar Irish credulity.

In Ireland there have been various explanations of the word banshee, most of them explaining it as the "head of the fairies," or "the white fairy;" or women fairies credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations around houses at night whenever any member of the family may labor under a sickness which is to end in death.

Some of the cases in which the banshee has appeared are told with an abundance of detail and confirmed by so many witnesses that, although unwilling to believe the tale, it becomes a difficult one to answer or explain away.

The legend of "The McCarthy" is the most peculiar among all the banshees. The young man died and was laid out for several hours when he came back to life and insisted that he had been before the judgment seat, but had been permitted to come back, with the understanding that three years more of life were granted to him in which he might become a better man.

He had been very wild and dissipated, but reformed at once, and lived as a man naturally would who knew that the day of his death was fixed.

As the time drew near McCarthy's mother sent for her sister to be with them at the eventful hour.

On the way the banshee appeared, giving a succession of screams, and making a loud clapping of the hands. Then they saw the figure of a tall thin woman, with uncovered head, and hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which might be a loose white cloak or a sheet.

She stood in the way as if to stop them, and motioned to another way, which they finally went.

When the got there they found that McCarthy had been wounded by a pistol shot, a wound which was thought of no importance, but from which he died the very day that the three years were up.

The origin of all these appearances and many like them is easy to trace. They go back, not to classic, but to the old Norse, days when Woden, whom we call Odin, was given a place among the gods, and Frigga was made his consort.

Odin became the earliest form of the hunter, who, with his mystic attendants, with horn and hounds, was reported to pursue the chase all over northern Europe.

His consort in like manner became the white lady, who became transformed into a hundred different legends in which the motherly, protecting influence of the divine Frigga is not entirely lost.

The troops were drawn up, and when Frederick arrived he rode up and down the lines till he discovered his former companion, and then ordered him and the man next to him to come to the front.

"Now," said the king to the man whom he had met in the tavern, "draw your sword, and cut off this fellow's head!"

"But, your Majesty, he has done me no harm."

"Draw!" shouted Frederick, "or I'll order out a file of men, and have you shot for disobedience to orders."

The linesman was equal to the occasion. He grasped the hilt of his sword, looked at his neighbor, and then upwards, and exclaimed, "Well, if I must, I must; but to save me from the guilt of murder, I pray that my sword blade may be turned into wood!" And as he drew his sword, to the astonishment of every one but the king and himself, sure enough the blade was wood. Frederick laughed grimly, and said, as he turned to ride away, "I see you do understand the Prussian trick; take care you don't play it once too often."

THE "PRUSSIAN TRICK."—Like the Eastern Caliph Haroun Alraschid, Frederick the Great was fond of walking about his capital unattended. He usually wore a shabby uniform and the large military cloak of a private soldier, and often visited the taverns that he might see how his troops behaved when off duty. On one of these excursions his attention was attracted by a soldier of a line regiment who was spending his money freely, and who at last asked the king to join him in a friendly glass. After some pressing, Frederick consented, but hinted that his new friend was too liberal, and that the pay of a private could not support such indulgence. The linesman looked at him quietly for a moment, half emptied his glass, and said mysteriously—

"Ah! but I've learnt the Prussian Trick!"

"What is that?" asked the king.

"I'm surprised that an old soldier like you is so ignorant," said the linesman; "but it will be safer not to tell you."

This roused Frederick's curiosity, and he pressed for further information.

At last his companion said, "Well, if you must know, I sell everything I can possibly do without. We are at peace: what do I want with a steel sword blade? I have sold it, and made myself a wooden one." And he gave the king ocular demonstration of the fact by unsheathing his weapon.

Frederick concealed his astonishment, and soon quitted the tavern. Before long the regiment to which the linesman belonged was ordered to parade before the king.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—The cooks of the Sultan's palace have got themselves in an awkward fix. For two years they have not received any wages, their illustrious master's treasury being rather low.

Empty pockets they did not like, so they struck—quitted work, and politely hinted to the Sultan that he was at liberty to do his own cooking. The shrewd Sultan recollected that his ungrateful cooks had been exempted from military service because of their skill in preparing savory dishes to tempt and tickle their noble master's palate he therefore struck back, by drafting them all into the army.

PRIDE is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

THERE is none made so great that he may not need the help and service and stand in fear of the power and unkindness of others.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A smart day gown is of dark smoke-colored cloth, bordered with fur, falling open on one side to show a white cloth panel, beautifully embroidered in gold; the polonaise is made of the same material; with a waistcoat to match the panel; there is a good deal of fur on it, and it should be worn without a mantle.

Another and more spring-like gown has a skirt of shot silk, reseda and vieux rose, with a fine white stripe; this is made into a deep flounce of knife kilts, sewn rather more than half-way down, and then left to fly out.

It is draped with an entirely new material in fawn-color, exquisitely soft and fine; the drapery has a double hem-stitch all the way round, and falls open at the side in a number of; quite indescribably graceful folds.

The sleeves have a puff at the shoulder and elbow; with fine knife pleats in between; the bodice is slightly full in front, terminating to a point, and has some of the drapery hooked on to it on one side. Deep Irish guipure is used on the bodice, and borders the skirt as well.

A pretty little short mantle had a full front of black Chantilly lace, gathered closely to the figure, while the jacket of deep red velvet had handsome jet trimming laid on like insertion.

The lace was continued in folds down the back from the neck, ending in a sharp point at the waist, and there was a full flounce of black lace going all round, with large tassels of jet hanging in between. This is a charming mantle for spring days, when we look forward to being able to discard our furs.

A skirt of shot green and brown velvet had a long drapery of pheasant brown serge, fastened on one side with large buttons, copies of old Venetian iron work.

A lovely ball gown was made with a black lisse skirt, striped with gold, caught up with gold dandelions and black ostrich feathers. The bodice, of black satin with brocaded stripes of gold woven in, had bunches of dandelion "clocks" in gold on each shoulder.

White dresses for home wear are even more fashionable than last season, only they are no longer made of vigogne, a rough, heavy material which does not drape at all nicely. The fabric in vogue is fine white cloth, soft, light and warm, which fits beautifully and is wonderfully becoming.

A pretty home dress for a young lady is of white cloth, trimmed with dead-gold braid two inches wide. The skirt is quite simple, gathered round the waist, just draped the least bit in front to break the monotony of the plain straight folds.

There are three rows of braid, they come down from the waist on the right side and are continued at the foot, but only as far as the left side, not coming up again, but finished each just beyond the other, the upper one being the shorter.

The bodice is a Paysanne jacket, lined with gold-colored surah. A chemisette of white gold surah is worn inside the vest.

Three huge buttons of white cloth, embroidered with gold, are placed on each side down the front, and a sash of dark blue velvet goes around the waist and is fastened into two long loops and lapels at the back.

Another was of beige cloth over a white cloth skirt, embroidered Oriental fashion in several shades of copper and gold.

Another very handsome toilette was of oak-leaf green faille, embroidered with black claws. Upon the front of the skirt falls a shower of jet beads mingled with tips of peacock feathers.

On the right side the dress is slit open over a skirt of ruby velvet. The green faille skirt is edged around with a fringed ruche of black silk.

A small Figaro jacket of brocaded faille, opened over a plastron of ruby velvet, covered with jet beads and peacock feathers to match the trimming of the skirt front.

A very unique dress, but in exquisite taste, was of dull lizard green silk, slit open on each side over a black velvet skirt. The bodice was draped in the Recamier style over a black velvet plastron. A wide sash of the same was draped and fastened here and there with jewel-headed pins.

Absinthe is one of the colors of the year, and a silk and velvet dress of this tone was gathered at the back, and allowed to fall in easy folds as are most of the dresses now.

Terry velvet has come in again, and skunk and plush by way of trimming. Black is always in demand, but not quite so much worn.

Two good examples were an Astrakan skirt with a black cloth redingote, the fur appearing on the vest and bodice. Another, a soft woolen stripe, over embroidered moire antique.

A dark green was trimmed with beaver, headed by guipure laid over velvet of a darker tone. Cord passementerie is used for trimming velvet and cloth dresses alike.

The bonnets are made to match and are far smaller and less pretentious than last season. Red felt is much patronized, and simple hats with pointed crowns are worn.

A Directoire dress of dark green habit cloth was quite original; it was draped in front with yellow, and had a yellow vest; there was a black moire belt describing a double folds and a very wide sash at the back. Black passementerie bordered the coat and collar, the high sleeves pleated at the top.

A black habit cloth costume had been made with Directoire cloth buttons with designs in relief in silver; they are quite new. There was a wide red panel at the side, covered with black silk embroidery, like Spanish point; the same covered with narrow red fronts on the bodice and sleeve cuffs.

A bride's going away dress was made of red cloth, with round bodice to the coat, gathered in very wide pleats at the back, and bordered throughout with otter; a broad sash at the side.

The wedding-dress of a widow was of a chaudron-brown velvet and silk, trimmed with tan-colored canvas interbreaded with gold. There were large canvas buttons, and hemmed frilling of broad soft muslin fell over the silk vest at the throat.

A bridal dress for a younger bride was made of white moire, trimmed with English point; the three-yards long train was quite distinct from the skirt.

Home and evening dresses are made with narrow skirts, very close fitting on the hips, and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of cassaque and Princess dresses gathered at the top, and without tournure or steels, except two small ones at the top, flow in long graceful folds at the back.

Tournures are only worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirt, and then only small steels are used so as not to be detected.

Of late intricate folds shirred and plaited plastrons, diagonal scarves, rows of galloon, elastic corsages, blouse vests and other fashionable devices for concealing dress fastenings, have excluded the useful button from notice.

It exists, but has been taken on trust, as we have had but ocular proof of its presence. It is stated, and the assertion is to be confirmed in the forthcoming early spring fashions, that buttons are to be very much on evidence on handsome bodices, going straight down the front from the neck to the belt or bodice-point. The new buttons, samples of which have already appeared, are worthy of a place in a jewel casket.

Odds and Ends.

SOME MATTERS OF COOKING.

To Cure Hams or Bacon.—To a gallon of water add a heaped quart of salt, 3 ozs. of saltpetre, 4 ozs. of brown sugar and a little black pepper. Boil all together, and when quite boiling, pour it on the ham or bacon, and allow it to remain in this for five weeks, keeping it well under the pickle; then hang it up to dry, with bags on the hams to keep off the flies. Before curing the meat, it should be well sprinkled with salt, and left for two days to purge.

How to Cook Carrageen or Irish Moss.—Soak a teacup full of the moss in plenty of cold water for an hour or two; then take it out of the water, and put in a saucepan with a pint and a half of milk, allow it to simmer gently for several minutes, stirring all the time; it should be the consistency of custard, sweeten according to taste, and pour into a wet mould through a strainer. Allow it to stand for eight or ten hours in a cold place, and then turn out and serve with fruit syrup, or preserve and cream.

Cold Scrap Omelette.—Six eggs well beaten, about half pound of cold bacon, or ham, fat and lean, three small cold potatoes, the heart of a small cabbage, previously boiled, a little pepper and salt, chop all finely up and mix with an egg. Fry in a small frying pan, in plenty of boiling fat and serve immediately.

Sour Kidneys.—Chop an onion very finely up, fry in bacon fat a light brown. Pour off the fat, add a little stock, pepper and salt, a dessert spoonful of good vinegar, a teaspoonful of brown sugar; add some kidneys to this sauce, skinned and cut in slices, stew gently for a half an hour. Sweetbreads done in the same way are very also good.

Surprise Eggs.—Boil six eggs twelve minutes, remove the shells and shake a little pepper and salt over them. Allow one sausage to each egg. Take the skin off quickly, roll out and roll the egg up in it, so as to entirely cover the egg, it should look like a large egg. Egg and bread-crumb, and fry a light golden in the frying kettle. In plenty of boiling fat. A little fried parsley may be served with them.

Stuffed Cutlets.—Have some cutlets cut from the best end of the neck of mutton, rub them over with pepper and salt. For 2 lbs. of cutlets, take about ¾ lb. of sausage meat, mixed with the latter, a little finely chopped onion, two eggs and a little bread-crumbs. Spread the mixture on one side of the cutlets, and sprinkle on the top some grated cheese, (Parmesan is the best). Fry in boiling fat, a golden brown.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Chop or slice cold boiled potatoes quite fine. Place them in a pie dish, strew over each layer butter, salt, a little pepper and a sprinkling of flour. When full, pour over them a little milk, and bake in the oven a nice brown.

To Clarify Soup.—(1) For one quart take the white of an egg, beat it up with a cup full of soup (cold) then add the rest, and beat it on the fire with an egg whisk; when it boils strain through a piece of tammy. (2) For the same quantity of soup, mince, not too finely, 1 oz. of lean raw beef, add to it the liquor, and set it on the fire in a saucepan, when it boils strain it as above. Liver may be used instead of beef, and the white of an egg may be used in addition to either. If the soup does not turn out clear enough, the operation of clarifying must be repeated.

White Sauce (Sauce Blanche)—Melt 1 oz. of butter, and add to it a dessertspoonful of flour, and salt and white pepper to taste; stir on the fire for a couple of minutes, then put in a little more than a tumblerful of boiling water, keep on stirring for a few minutes, and at the time of serving stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon and strained.

Dutch Sauce (Hollandaise)—Put one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan, and reduce it on the fire to one-third; add 2 ozs. of butter and the yolk of one egg. Place the pan on a slow fire, stir the contents continuously with a spoon, and as fast as the butter melts add more, until ¾ pound is used. If the sauce becomes too thick at any time during the process, add a tablespoonful of cold water and continue stirring. Then put in pepper and salt to taste, and take care not to let the sauce boil. When it is made—that is when all the butter is used, and the sauce is of proper thickness—put the saucepan containing it into another, filled with warm (not boiling) water until the time of serving.

Mayonnaise Sauce—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a basin, and place it in a cool place, or, if necessary, on ice; add a teaspoonful salt; mix well, and then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one teaspoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce becomes of the consistency of very thick cream; then add white pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary.

To Ice a Cake.—To the white of one egg, beaten to a very stiff froth, add a ¼ lb. of icing sugar, and one teaspoonful of flour. Spread this with a broad wooden paper-knife over your cake when cold, and set it in a cool part of the oven to harden for an hour, or until quite set. To be successful, a great deal depends on the freshness of the eggs, the fresher an egg is, the better it will rise; and beating should always be done in a cool place, or in a draught. It may also be dried in front of a fire, turning it frequently; but on no account allow it to get colored. If pink icing is desired, this may be done by adding a little cochineal to some of the icing.

A CLOWN who broke his back the other day in Vienna, Austria, on being carried to the hospital, desired to be married to some woman before he died. The doctor having inquired into the man's reason for such an untoward resolve, the latter replied that he never had any good fun in the world, and that if he could just be married in time, he would like to play the deuce with his wife hereafter.

A PET hen hawk at Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday was attacked by a gamecock. A battle followed and feathers flew. All at once the hawk picked the rooster up in his claws and soared away, and since then neither bird has been heard of.

Confidential Correspondents.

TOM.—Good.

L. W. H.—A copyist is, as the name implies, one who makes copies of documents.

MINNIE.—You are not obliged to keep up the acquaintance of a gentleman with whom you have danced unless you choose.

BETWEEN.—"Hades" is supposed to be an intermediate state—the place where all souls are gathered and kept till the resurrection.

ETIQUETTE.—As a general rule, the gentleman would precede the lady going in to church, standing aside at the pew to allow her to pass in first.

F. G.—We do not recommend anyone to select literature as a means of living, unless gifted with special talent for it, in some particular branch.

A. C. E.—The most noted of modern comets have been Biela's, in 1823, 1832, 1839, and 1845; Encke's, in 1819; and Halley's, in 1835. There was a large one in 1858, also in 1861.

ABOUT L.—No lady ever reproves her servants before company; any shortcoming on the servant's part must be passed over in silence until the guests have taken their departure.

UNINITIATED.—The best reply we can make to you is to refer you to Gray's line, "Where Ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Young girls should appreciate the sound philosophy of maidenly reticence.

MINIATURE.—We do not see how your eyesight could be improved by other means than by wearing glasses, and do not understand how that could possibly be bad for you. You should have them fitted by a good optician.

X. X.—The correct question is, "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." It occurs in the second scene of the fourth act of Nat Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," published towards the close of the seventeenth century.

FANNY.—"Dred Scott" was a Missouri slave whose owner took him in 1834 to Illinois, a State in which slavery was prohibited by law; allowed him to marry and live there until 1838, then took him to Minnesota, and then back to Missouri, where he was whipped for some offense. Scott then brought suit for damages, claiming to have become a free man by his residence in Illinois and Minnesota.

SCREEN.—A glass fire screen can easily be made. Make a cane frame for the glass, which can be ornamented either with paintings or natural objects. In this latter case it would be necessary to have two sheets of glass, which should lie as close together as possible. The flowers, etc., should have been previously pressed and dried. Fix the objects to the surface of one of the sheets of glass by means of gum; then lay the other pane on top, fixing them both firmly in the frame.

TETRARCH.—St. Luke, the evangelist, is supposed to be the "beloved physician" mentioned by St. Paul. In other respects, Scripture is silent about St. Luke. Tradition, however, says he was one of the seventy; that he preached the Gospel in Egypt and Greece; that he was an artist, and took the portraits of the Virgin Mary and of Christ. He lived to the age of eighty-four, and was then hanged on an olive-tree. The only things about St. Luke of which we are tolerably certain are that he wrote the Gospel which goes by his name, and also the Acts of the Apostles. His saint-day in the calendar is the 18th of October.

H. J. M.—The Styx, as a river of mythology, was believed to be the principal stream of the nether world, round which it flowed seven times; and Charon was the ferryman who carried across the souls of the dead. The Styx was regarded by the Greeks with superstitious dread; they said its waters were poisonous, and that they broke every vessel into which they might be put, except one made with the hoof of an ass or a horse. When the gods of the ancients took a great oath, they always swore by the waters of Styx, and awful punishment awaited him who swore falsely. It was believed that Alexander the Great was poisoned by the waters of the Styx.

A. O.—Rome was sacked by the Gauls, under Brennus, 390 years before Christ. They burned down all Rome, except the Capitol. The Goths took and plundered Rome, A. D. 409. In 547 it capitulated to the Goths, and in 553 was retaken by Narsis, one of Justinian's generals, and remained nominally subject to the Greek emperors until 726, when it revolted, and became a free State, governed by a senate. In about a century afterwards, the popes became absolute masters of the city, and continued so for more than a thousand years. The letters "A. U. C." stand for the Latin "Anno urbis condita"—"in the year of the building of the city," just as we say "the year of our Lord."

CROYDON.—In anatomy, the great Designer has very wisely ordained that the harder or bony portions of our structure should accommodate the softer; thus, that the shape of the skull will be determined by the exercise of the different organs of the brain; that is, if the brain be actually an organized mass. We can determine the use of external organs, the hands, the feet; we can ascertain by anatomy the use of the internal organs; but when we come to the volutions of the brain, we find that we are entirely baffled. At present the assigned localization of certain qualities seems little better than guess-work. While writing this, we are quite ready to acknowledge that many phrenological manipulators are exceedingly clever, and that their deductions concerning character seem correct.

DEMOSTHENES.—To some men is given a natural aptitude for speaking in public, but to a very few. You need not despair, however, as in ordinary cases the best of public orators owe much to the discipline which they have undergone. Perfect success requires a combination of several qualities, both natural and to be acquired, such as a clear, powerful, and well-modulated voice; readiness of delivery; an inexhaustible vocabulary; skill in composition of sentences; a choice of epithets, comparisons, and illustrations; sympathy with the subject spoken of, and a complete acquaintance with it. You will find it a good rule, whenever you rise to speak, to have some definite aim, to be well-acquainted with your subject, and to select the most telling arguments, facts, and illustrations. If you bear these few hints in mind, especially as you have a good memory and are well read, you will soon acquire the art of public speaking.